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A. S. BURLLSON, Postmaster-General

Improvement Era

Vol. XXI

APRIL, 1918

No. 6



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah

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Fortitude

From thee, O Lord, among all gifts,
I pray for fortitude.
Give not to me a life of ease;
Keep me not from the world's disease;
But give me strength thy will to please,—
And fortitude.

Often I wander from the way
That leadeth unto life.
These trials are but danger's sign
To guide this groping soul of mine,
My heart to keep with truth align,
Eternally.

Should I within fond Luxury's lap
Recline, and take my ease;
And never feel the touch of pain,
Nor learn that effort must regain
To exaltation, man profane,
From worldliness;

How then could I thy mercy know?
Or know my fellow men?
Through suffering dost thou me bless;
With smiting rod my soul caress,
That I may prove my worthiness
For evermore.

So give me not, I pray thee, Lord,
From sin, refuge secure;
But rather give me strength to be
A little more each day like thee;
Though I may die on Calvary
Of trials sore.

And bless me with that gift of gifts,
The strength to overcome
The stumbling stones along my way,
The strength to serve thee night and day,
The heart to look to thee and say,
Thy will be done.



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Of the European Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Mortality, a Boon—Man is Immortal

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

I—Earth Life an Advancement

In the first chapter of Genesis we find an impressive summary of the creative processes whereby the earth was made ready for human occupancy. Then, in the fourth and fifth verses of the second chapter we read that all the great developments of earlier record, including the creation of man, had been effected before a single plant had sprung from the soil, and while yet "there was not a man to till the ground." Two states of existence or distinct creations are plainly indicated—the first, a spiritual and the later an earthly embodiment.

Through the latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, a more comprehensive account of creative events, as originally revealed to Moses, has been given us. Thus in the section corresponding as to subject with Gen. 2:5, we read: "*For I, the Lord God, created all things, of which I have spoken, spiritually before they were naturally upon the face of the earth.*" (*Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 3:5). Furthermore, following the record of the creation of man in the flesh, it is written: "*Nevertheless, all things were before created; but spiritually were they created and made according to my word.*" (par. 7).

Man in his mortal state, therefore, is the union of a pre-existent spirit with a body composed of earthly elements. This union of spirit and body marks progress from the unembodied to the embodied condition, and is an inestimable advancement in the soul's onward course. As already shown, the penalty incurred by proud Lucifer and his rebel hordes for their attempt to thwart the divine purpose in the matter of man's agency, was the doom of being denied bodies of flesh. Mortal birth is a boon to which only those spirits who kept their first estate are eligible. (See Jude 6). Expressive of the awful state of the utterly unregenerate among men, of those who have sunk to such depths in sin as to become "sons of perdition," the Lord has applied the extreme malediction, that for such it were better

never to have been born. (See Matt. 26:24; Doctrine and Covenants 76:32.)

The blessedness of advancement to the mortal state lies in the possibilities of achievement therein. Mortality is the preparatory school for eternity. Its curriculum is comprehensive and exacting. In its laboratories we pupils meet the experiences that test and try to conclusive demonstration the individual effect of precept and profession. For the founding and maintenance of this school the earth was created. In Genesis the great truth is evidenced by the placing of man upon the earth as the crowning work of creation; and in Scripture written by Abraham and given anew to the world through a latter-day prophet, the sublimity of the divine intent is plainly set forth:

“Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born. And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever.” (*Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham 3:22-26).

The great Preceptor among men is Jesus the Christ, the Redeemer and Savior, through whom the gospel of salvation has been introduced, by compliance with which any and every soul may be saved. His mission is the carrying out of the Father's plan, the purpose of which is thus expressed in the Father's words:

“For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.” (*Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 1:39).

One may reasonably inquire: If birth be advancement, is not death retrogression? The decisive answer is No. Satan's power over the body, as manifested in death, is but temporary. Through the redemption wrought by Jesus Christ, every soul shall be resurrected, with spirit and body reunited, even as Christ literally died, and then appeared “the firstborn from the dead” (Col. 1:18), His spirit retabernacled in the body of flesh and bones. In the eternal union of spirit and body lie the possibilities of salvation and exaltation. Again do the illuminating beams of later revelations banish obscurity:

"For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receiveth a fulness of joy." (Doctrine and Covenants 93:33).

II—Successive Stages of Existence

There are four states, conditions, or stages in the advancement of the individual soul, specified in Sacred Writ. These are (1) the unembodied, (2) the embodied, (3) the disembodied, and (4) the resurrected state.

In other words, (1) every one of us lived in an antemortal existence as an individual spirit; (2) we are now in the advanced or mortal stage of progress; (3) we shall live in a disembodied state after death, which is but a separation of spirit and body; (4) and in due time each of us, whether righteous or sinful, shall be resurrected from the dead with spirit and body reunited and never again to be separated.

As to the certainty of the antemortal state, commonly spoken of as preexistence, the Scriptures are explicit. Our Lord Jesus Christ repeatedly averred that He had lived before He was born in flesh (see John 6:62; 8:58; 16:28; 17:5); and as with Him so with the spirits of all who have become or yet shall become mortal.

We were severally brought into being, as spirits, in that pre-existent condition, literally the children of the Supreme Being whom Jesus Christ worshiped and addressed as Father. Do we not read that the Eternal Father is *"the God of the spirits of all flesh"* (Numb. 16:22; 27:16), and more specifically that He is *"the Father of spirits"*? (Heb. 12:9). In the light of these Scriptures it is plainly true that the spirits of mankind were there begotten and born into what we call the preexistent or antemortal condition.

The primeval spirit birth is expressively described by Abraham, to whom the facts were revealed, as a process of organization, and the spirits so advanced are designated as intelligences: *"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones."* (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:22).

The human mind finds difficulty in apprehending the actuality of infinite or eternal process, either from the present onward to and beyond what we call in a relative sense perfection, on, on, without end; or backward through receding stages that had no beginning. But who will affirm that things beyond human comprehension cannot be?

In the antemortal eternities we developed with individual differences and varied capacities. So far as we can peer into

the past by the aid of revealed light, we see that there was always gradation of intelligence, and consequently of ability, among the spirits, precisely as such differences exist among us while we are mortal.

"That all men are created equal" is true in the sense in which that telling epigram was written into the scriptures of the Nation as a self-evident truth; for such laws as men enact in righteousness provide for the protection of individual rights on a basis of equality, and recognize no discriminating respect of persons. But if applied as meaning that all men are born with equal capacities, or even inherent abilities in like measure for each, the aphorism becomes absurd and manifestly false.

Every spirit born in the flesh is an individual character, and brings to the body prepared for its tenancy a nature all its own. The tendencies, likes and dislikes, in short the whole disposition of the spirit may be intensified or changed by the course of mortal life, and the spirit may advance or retrograde while allied with its mortal tabernacle. Students of the so-called science with a newly coined name, Eugenics, are prone to emphasize the facts of heredity to the exclusion of preexistent traits and attributes of the individual spirit as factors in the determination of character.

The spirit lived as an organized intelligence before it became the embodied child of human parents; and its preexistent individualism will be of effect in its period of earth-life. Even though the manifestations of primeval personality be largely smothered under the tendencies due to bodily and prenatal influence, it is there, and makes its mark. This is in analogy with the recognized laws of physical operation—every force acting upon a body produces its definite effect whether it acts alone or with other and even opposing forces.

The genesis of every soul lies back in the eternity past, beyond the horizon of our full comprehension, and what we call a beginning is as truly a consummation and an ending, just as mortal birth is at once the inauguration of earth-life and the termination of the stage of antemortal existence.

The facts are thus set forth in the revealed word of God:

"If there be two spirits, and one shall be more intelligent than the other, yet these two spirits, notwithstanding one is more intelligent than the other, have no beginning; they existed before, they shall have no end, they shall exist after, for they are gnolaum, or eternal." (Abraham 3:18).

To every stage of development, as to every human life, there is beginning and end; but each stage is a definite fraction of eternal process, which is without beginning or end. Man is of eternal nature and divine lineage.



Home Evening

Home Evening, a remarkable movement among the Latter-day Saints, gives parents an opportunity to spend an evening a week under the sweet influence of home in family reunion and pleasure. All church workers are exempt that evening from other duties. On this evening fathers and mothers gather their boys and girls about them in the home, pray with them, teach them the word of the Lord, learn their special needs and requirements, become more familiar with them, sing hymns, listen to instrumental music, have scripture reading, give instructions on the principles of the gospel and on ethical problems, and teach the obligations of the children to parents, to the home, the Church, to society and the Nation. Appropriate recitations, songs, stories, games, and other entertainments and exercises, according to the ingenuity of the father, mother, and children, are also enjoyed, not forgetting light refreshments. It is one of the most pleasant and agreeable of gatherings, growing more and more interesting and attractive to every member of the family as the home influence spreads.

When the First Presidency promulgated the order, in 1915, they requested that the Presidents of stakes and Bishops of wards, also officers of auxiliary organizations throughout the

Church, support the movement and encourage the young people to remain at home that evening to make it agreeable, instructive, profitable, and entertaining. They promised that if the Saints would obey this counsel, great blessings would result; that love at home and obedience to parents would increase; that faith would be developed in the hearts of the youth of Zion, thus enabling them to combat evil influences and temptations. It is the general verdict that their promises have come to pass in every home that has tried the experiment.

The *Era* presents above a "home evening" scene in the home of President E. Frank Birch of the Tintic stake of Zion, at Silver City, Utah. Little daughter is reciting; little brother is coaching her; sister is at the piano ready to play music; father has the scriptures ready to expound; mother is listening and at the same time knitting for the soldiers; big brother, behind little sister, is evidently waiting to use his violin, but all, for the moment, are interested in little sister's exercise. Can you picture anything more beautiful than a happy home like this? Can you think of a movement among the people more beneficial to both old and young?

"We are all here:
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is filled, we are all at home;
 Tonight let no cold stranger come;
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
 For once be every care forgot:
 Let gentle peace assert her power,
 And kind affection rule the hour,
 We're all—all here."

—Sprague.



The Latter-day Kingdom*

By President Charles W. Penrose

How shall I sing thy beauty, pow'r and light,
O glorious kingdom of the latter days!
I see thy loveliness, I feel thy might,
But fail in utterance to speak thy praise!

I search in vain the records of the past,
Which paint dead kingdoms in their short-lived pride,
They cannot picture thee, whose pow'r shall last
While heav'n and truth and Deity abide.

And shall the little "powers that be" today,
Be likened for a moment to thy majesty?
As well declare pale Vesta's twinkling ray
Unfolds the splendor of eternity.

In hist'ry only Egypt's greatness lives—
Lost are its treasures, all its wisdom hid,
Except the scraps the crumbling mummy gives,
The sculptured sphynx and tow'ring pyramid.

Assyria! Thy sceptre lies in dust,
Thy bow is broken and thy pomp has fled.
Perished thy fruits of conquest, blood and lust,
With all the warriors that Tiglath led!

Where are the palaces of Babylon;
The "hanging gardens" and the golden tow'rs?
With the Chaldeans' starlight wisdom gone,
Walls, gates and glory, images and flow'rs!

And could'st not thou, O Greece, avert thy fate,
With oracles and wealth and victory?
Couldst not thy world-wide reign perpetuate,
With all thy gods and deep philosophy?

*Among all his poetic writings President Penrose considers this his best poem. It was written in London, while he was on a mission from Zion, in 1866.

The soul that moved thee in thy conquering march,
That spoke in poesy and art and grace,
Is disembodied; and the mouldering arch
And chiseled fragment mark thy burial place.

And thou, O Rome! proud mistress of the world!
Thine armored legions spread no terror now.
They bring no blood-bought spoils of gems impearled,
To deck thy bosom and thy haughty brow.

Thy Coliseum's vast and vacant walls,
Rot as an emblem of thy great decay,
And on the ear its mournful echo falls,
A dismal knell of thy departed sway!

O! all ye living governments and states!
Gaze on the relics of far mightier powers!
The hand that shattered them, uplifted waits
The bell that ends your few remaining hours!

In the high chambers of the West, I see
An infant kingdom struggling to the birth.
And the prophetic spirit says to me,
"In manhood this shall govern all the earth."

O Zion! built by Saints of latter-days,
Bring forth the promised kingdom to the world!
Upon the mountain tops "the ensign" raise,
And spread its shining folds to all the world!

Gathered from ev'ry clime and tongue and race,
Under that banner, righteous men shall stand,
And the all-conquering Christ shall show His face
And give dominion to that faithful band.

Armored in truth and God's authority,
Dauntless and terrible, yet full of love,
The King shall lead them unto victory,
And bring a vanguard from the ranks above.

No weapon formed against them shall prevail,
No cunning plan shall prove their overthrow;
The prince of all earth's kingdoms they assail,
And drive his forces to the shades below.

The spirit that gives wisdom to the wise,
From Council, Congress, Parliament, shall flee—
Shall rest on those whom wicked men despise,
And leave the world to human policy.

Left, in a day of storms, each bark of state,
Rotten and rudderless, whirled madly on
Against each other on the sea of fate,
With awful crash to depths of death go down.

But see the ship no storm can overwhelm.
Saving the remnants of the wrecks below!
"The Priesthood's" written on her shining helm,
"God's Kingdom" is inscribed upon her bow.

God's Kingdom! Seen in vision by the seers!
God's Kingdom! Clothed in justice, truth and light!
Theme of the prophet and the bard appears
To save the nations from chaotic night.

A perfect government for all the earth.
Not a republic nor a monarchy,
And yet from both all principles of worth
Are blended in this great Theocracy.

Wielding almighty power in ev'ry land,
The willing people bend to its supreme decrees,
And mutual int'rest, like a golden band,
Binds in one social compact men of all degrees.

Appointed by the great Jehovah's voice,
By intellect and virtue qualified,
And a free people's universal choice,
The leading spirits govern and preside.

No longer bound beneath the cruel weight
Of idle vampires, draining their life's blood,
The joyful nations yield the pow'r of state
To legislators for their country's good.

Earth's treasures, hiding 'neath the deep sea waves,
Bound in the rock, or shining on the strand,
Or glittering in subterraneous caves,
Come sparkling forth at industry's command.

New sciences and arts diffuse new light,
Knowledge of future and of past events,
Wisdom to comprehend the secret might,
And subtle forces of the elements.

In wondrous implements, mechanic skill
Gives unto labor swift and easy wings,
Making each sterile spot with life to thrill,
While water from the thirsty desert springs.

Thought, freed from human trammels, brings to light
Its glorious conceptions without fear,
And mouldy Precedent, struck dead with fright,
Reposes on an unregretted bier.

The laws which life and health perpetuate,
By inspiration's sacred voice are taught,
And every passion made subordinate
To principles with lasting pleasure fraught.

Jesus, the Sinless, fills the regal throne,
To Him all other rulers bend the knee;
He reigns not by His right and might alone,
But loving homage swells His majesty.

Earth, linked into the chain of worlds on high,
Among the ransomed planets takes its place,
And finds itself in blest affinity
With orbs that govern time through boundless space.

Such is the kingdom now on earth begun;
A branch of the great Governmental Tree,
Whose roots are grounded in the central sun,
Whose boughs bear fruit through all eternity.

Happy are they who labor in its cause,
Happy are they who suffer for its sake;
For all who are obedient to its laws,
Of all its joys and honors will partake.

Spiritual Aspects of the War*

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

We ask, what is education? And reply, education, in the widest sense, is a preparation for complete living. The answer calls forth another question. What is complete living? Our response is, complete living consists in doing the duty of the hour.

What is the duty of the hour? It is making the world safe for that freedom that will be safe for the world. A freedom that shall reduce danger to the minimum, and increase safety to the maximum; a freedom that shall never permit license to invade the domain of liberty; a freedom that shall make even the sorrows of life bear a dividend of happiness.

In the deluge of death of this hour the race is aroused to the stupendous fact that man can not live by man alone. The yearnings of the souls of those sleeping on a couch of mortal suffering are rudely awakened by this terrible war. They cry aloud, Give us foreverness; a foreverness of individuality, a foreverness of kindred, husband, wife, son, daughter, father, mother, sister, brother; a foreverness not only of friendship but of friends! From the little book *A Heap O' Living* we insert,

Riley's Coming Back

There must be great rejoicing on the Golden Shore today,
An' the big an' little angels must be feelin' mighty gay:
Could we look beyond the curtain now, I fancy we should see
Old Aunt Mary waitin', smilin', for the coming that's to be,
An' Little Orphant Annie an' the whole excited pack
Dancin' up an' down, an' shoutin' "Mr. Riley's comin' back!"

There's a heap o' real sadness in this good old world today;
There are lumpy throats this morning, now that Riley's gone away;
There's a voice now stilled forever that in sweetness only spoke
An' whispered words of courage with a faith that never broke.
There is much of joy and laughter that we mortals here will lack,
But the angels must be happy now that Riley's comin' back.

The world was gettin' dreary, there was too much sigh and frown
In this vale of mortal strivin', so God sent Jim Riley down,
An' He said: "Go there, an' cheer 'em in your good old fashioned way,
With your songs of tender sweetness, but don't make your plans to stay.
Coz you're needed up in heaven, I am lendin' you to men
Just to help 'em with your music, but I'll want you back again."

*An address delivered by President George H. Brimhall, Brigham Young University, before the Utah State Teachers' Association, Salt Lake Tabernacle, January 3, 1918.

And Riley came, an' mortals heard the music of his voice,
 An' they caught his songs o' beauty an' they started to rejoice;
 An' they leaned on him in sorrow, an' they shared with him their joys,
 And they walked with him the pathways that they knew when they were boys.
 But the heavenly angels missed him, missed his tender, gentle knock
 Of makin' people happy, an' they wanted Riley back.

There must be great rejoicin' on the streets of heaven today
 An' all the angel children must be troopin' down the way,
 Singing heavenly songs of welcome an' preparin' now to greet
 The soul that God had tintured with an everlasting sweet;
 The world is robbed in sadness and is draped in somber black;
 But joy must reign in heaven, now that Riley's comin' back!

This poem is one of those fountains at which the soul, thirsting for immortality, drinks and is refreshed.

The great God has lent not only singers to cheer, and prophets to warn, but he has lent heroes to protect humanity. As Riley offered his genius, these heroes offer their lives; as God lent Riley to give men cheer, so he lent our gallant soldier and sailor boys to give humanity emancipation.

We have preached peace from the house tops, while the pages of scripture have proclaimed war. Has the wisdom of the wise perished, and the understanding of the prudent come to naught?

Though cannons roar and war clouds darken the sky, it is the morning of the day of a new spiritual awakening. Above the din of battle is heard the song of immortality. Its echoes roll from the trench to the fireside. It carries comfort to the home and courage to the battle front. Hear the voice of the world-famed joke-maker, Harry Lauder:

"And then, one day, it suddenly came to me, as if in a revelation, that I had not made use of something in which I had always believed. All this time, while I had been raging against the cruel fates which had taken my son, there had been comfort and peace in store for me, and I had not known it. And that comfort and peace lay in my belief in God, and a future life beyond this earthly sphere.

"While the pain and grief had been blinding my eyes, God had been waiting patiently for the first sharp agony to pass away, and when it did he gently lifted the veil from my eyes and showed me the promised land beyond. I mean that suddenly I realized that I had not seen the last of John, and that we were sure to meet in another world.

"Oh, that I could convey unto you the healing balm that that thought was to my soul! I would that I could picture to you the joy of the thought that I was to see my John again at some future date, just as if he had simply gone on a long journey, and was waiting for his mother and me to come to him. And I brought his image before me, and imagined him holding out his arms to his mother and myself to fold us within his loving embrace, and in the joy created by the picture I was able to assuage some of my pain and distress, and return to an almost normal state of mind.

"And because of the great comfort that my belief and faith in the future life have brought me, I have become humbly grateful and thankful that I never mocked the name of God or cast him from me at any period of my life. Because I know, I am convinced, that he has helped me to bear this

great blow by making my conviction that this life is not the end, stronger than ever.

"And that is what every American father and mother who loses a son must do—have strong, unbreakable faith in the future life, in the world beyond, where you will see your son once again. Do not give way to grief as I did. Instead, keep your gaze and your faith firmly fixed on the world beyond, and regard your boy's absence as though he were but on a long journey. By keeping your faith you will help to win this war. For if you lose it, the war and your own personal self—are lost.

"I spent many days in the trenches, in the rest camps, the hospitals, and in the surrounding towns, and the most definite impression I carried away was one concerning the spiritual atmosphere which surrounds the French and English soldiers in France. I talked with some of the men for hours at a time about their experiences in battle, about their thoughts of home, about their feeling toward the enemy, but the one thing I came away with, above all other impressions, was the conviction that every single one of those men, no matter what manner of lives they had lived before, now possesses a calm, clear conviction that if they fall in the thick of the fight, they will pass into the life beyond.

"That's why we take such chances,' one man told me simply. 'Do you think for a moment that if we thought that life held nothing for us than the earthly body we possess, we would fight with such a confidence and eagerness? We would not be able to, because we would be doing everything in our power to preserve this life of ours.' But seeing men die as I have seen them, I know better than to disbelieve in a future life. And because we have no fear of death, every one of us fling ourselves over the bags and on to the Huns with a fierce, almost savage joy. We are almost Japanese in our fatalism, and because that spirit is sweeping among our men we are going to win this war. We don't believe it possible that men who go into battle, knowing that they are fighting for a righteous cause, and unafraid of death, can be beaten back forever. Some day, at some point, the enemy must weaken, and then we will sweep over the tops and nothing will hold us back. We know it just as surely as we know the sun will rise tomorrow."

The sacrifice of our gallant youths has awakened us to a clear understanding that there is not time nor place nor circumstance sufficient in this life for virtue to be its own reward. The law of compensation demands a life beyond.

A single Job said, I know that my Redeemer lives; in this hour of dire distress and bereavement, a multitude cry out, We know that our brave ones live beyond the grave, where what they lost by leaving us may be made up to them!

The fidelity of the Christian is answering the prayer of the Hebrew. The yawning gulf of difference between the worshipers of Jehovah and the followers of Christ is being bridged over by using the fidelity of the Christian to answer the prayer of the Hebrews, for the deliverance of his sacred city.

The awful cataclysm into which we are hurled reminds us that heaven battled for the Millennium it now enjoys, the issue then, as now, was liberty.

"And there was war in Heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon was cast out."

This war is a terrible proclamation, that under the inspiration of Lucifer, Cain still covets his brother's cattle, and conspires against his brother's life. Germany has fought no battles on her own ground. The blood she has spilled has been in her neighbor's dooryard.

The chief treasure of the trenchman is the Word of God. This war has proved that Bibles are better than bottles, for camp comfort and fighting line courage. Let our illustrious peace-war President speak:

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves,—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women not only, but also of the things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always; and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not, what things make men happy,—loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them;—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy,—selfishness, cowardice, greed, and everything that is low and mean.

"When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty."

Our flag—the history of our Union—the symbol of our liberty; as we look upon it, we find it blazing with what the poet saw in it when he wrote:

"Flag of the free, heart's hope and home!
By angels' hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

And when we sing, "Then conquer we must, For our cause it is just, And this be our motto, in God is our trust," we proclaim with tones of the heart that the altar in the home is as sacred as is the flag that floats over it.

The war has brought us face to face with a demonstration of the truth of the Master's doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Our strenuous productiveness brings us into the attitude of saying with all sincerity:

Now, while we stand on Freedom's soil,
Inhaling Freedom's air,
Be this the burden of our song,
Our morn and evening prayer:

O Giver of this goodly land,
May we who in it live
Be grateful most for this best gift,
The Grace of Power to Give.

Great cause, great time, great circumstance,
To open wide the heart,
To grow like Him who gave his all,
By giving now our part.

To fast betimes, with bread at hand,
And feed the hungry throng,
Of fragments make a plentitude,
In sacrifice be strong.

The Wrong Start

By George H. Maughan, Department of Agriculture, Ricks Academy

It is a common statement and an oft repeated experience that farmers (and this may apply to other men) often fail to do things as well as they know how to do them. Often conditions of a very trivial nature shape our acts and determine our methods.

On the farm with which I am most familiar, an old pig, which was noticeable because of her inferior qualities, was left year after year. We called her Pointer because of the pointed appearance of both ends of her body. She was bought because of our impatience to get into the "hog business." Her first litter consisted of the insignificant number of three; and because of her lack of importance the summer passed while Pointer went unnoticed; and when fall came, instead of being ready for market she was the mother of five more little pointers. Of course, she was kept to raise her litter. And so circumstances intervened again and again to save her life until she and her offspring seriously disfigured what otherwise would have been a good looking herd.

Some such conditions can be found on practically every farm in the land, and they are the cause of much loss and discouragement. The dairy herd is one of the most common places of refuge of this kind of "boarder."

I well remember Old Bell who represented a familiar type of horse. She was inclined to be "arnery", as the boys said, and her opinion was respected, at least to an extent, when the size of the load was discussed. Her form and quality were far from ideal, also; but she never ran away, and she could be depended on to keep up the stock. In fact, when she died of old age at twenty-one, she was the mother or grandmother of nearly fifty per cent of the horses on the farm, all of which, while being improvements, still had the drooping rump, lack of life, and somewhat questionable disposition of Old Bell.

Rexburg, Idaho



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An air battle in progress.—Photographs of the actual maneuvering of the battle-planes in the realms above, have been extremely few, and have not shown in any sense the graphic tenseness of an actual air fight that is shown in this photograph. The French plane at the top is maneuvering for position preparatory to swooping down on its German adversary. After a short but thrilling machine gun duel, the Frenchman in this case, it is reported, succeeded in downing the Teuton. The photo was made by an observer in another French battleplane. This wonderful photograph illustrates how the warplanes are handled in battle. Often to get over the enemy, French planes seem to climb directly upward and then make a sudden swoop downward to get the enemy.

Corporal Ron of the 362nd*

By Venice F. Anderson

"Camp Lewis! Well, this is a — of a place."

Unconsciously the boy's feet dragged and he lessened his pace. A sickening feeling swept over him, accompanied by an intense longing to bolt and avoid it all. From the time that he had waved a half-hearted good-bye to his family and quasi-friends at his little home town station, he had realized that this feeling was growing on him; now it seemed to usurp his whole being. Mechanically he plodded on, only partly aware that he was moving.

Poor Ron! he had been a restive spirit in Glen Cove. He was the proverbial black sheep in a respectable family. His fame as a young terror preceded him from the grammar school into high school before he had any chance to establish a reputation. Guilty or not guilty, for years past he had been considered the leading spirit in any village disorder which took particular meanness or cunning. In fact, if he was ever known to do anything which could not be construed into a misdemeanor, the good villagers attributed it to some freak in his nature rather than to any benevolence on his part. No one ever expected Ron to do anything good, and all opportunities for such conduct were carefully removed from him. He had been painstakingly forced to assume the role of village scape goat, and in order to maintain his personal dignity he was taking his part well.

His reputation was growing to an alarming extent when his twenty-first birthday overtook him and the draft bill passed Congress. Ron's was a lucky number. The village breathed a sigh of relief. His kind friends went out of their way to tell him that he would get what was coming to him in the army. So often and with such harrowing details had he been informed of this, that he had a secret but intense fear and loathing of everything military.

As if to fulfil prophecy, the dreaded process started as soon as Ron stepped off the uncomfortable train which had brought his contingent of the draft army to the lumber shanty which served temporarily for the American Lake station. An over-bearing sergeant who had just received his chevrons attempted to shove Ron into line. Instantly his lax muscles tight-

*This story was awarded first place in the February *Era* story contest.

ened into bundles of cords, for Ron had muscles worthy the name and he had fought every inch of his life. A cold light, which any boy in Glen Cove would give his pet dog to avoid, came into his eyes; and then he remembered that he was in the army, and turned sick all over. The sergeant considered it wise, however, to find immediate work further up the line. Without further fuss, the weary march for Camp Lewis commenced.

It was one of those gray days at the camp, when the chilling fog creeps over the ground and rises steadily until it enshrouds everything in a cold, gray cloak. Even the pine trees seem to merge into one another as if huddling for warmth. The sky comes down to meet the earth, in a cold mist. The huge parade ground which extends through the heart of the camp between the endless rows of painfully similar barracks buildings, seems a lake of floating grayness, through which sounds and objects penetrate in an uncanny, subdued manner.

Across this weird lake the latest arrivals began their irregular march. As they advanced the icy fog bit into their very bones, the "any old thing" in clothing which they had been advised to wear giving them poor protection. The "old timers" who were drilling in squads on the field, watched the heterogeneous group of strangers with a mixed feeling of compassion and mirth. They had been in the same condition themselves too recently to feel like giving vent to their amusement. Instead, on such occasions they would call out cheerily, "Where did you come from?" If they received a civil answer to this question, they would enquire sardonically, "Where are you going?" And they were quite accustomed to receiving the polite answer, "Ah, go to —."

On the other side of the parade ground, Ron and his companions were marshaled like so many sheep into a long, lumber building where they were doled out two blankets, a towel and a straw-tick. Inside the squad room of Company —, 362nd Infantry, the men looked round the clean, empty expanse with a view to finding proper places for their straw ticks. Very soon they were ordered with pointed emphasis to put them on the floor. The cots, they were informed, had not yet arrived.

Ron, huddled cross-legged on his flat, hard bed, thought of the rocking chairs and grate fire in the cozy living room at home, and suffered real agony. After minutes which seemed hours of waiting, the mess call sounded. The men crowded into the mess hall and ranged themselves round the long, bare board tables. A tin plate, a quart cup, a short, pointed knife, a broad fork, and a tin tablespoon were their implements. The food arrived later, passed along on oval platters.

Then Ron made his first military *faux pas*. In the army

there is never enough of any one kind of food for a man to fill up on. The corn beef hash reached Ron first. With hoodlum bravado, he piled high his plate. The man at the other end of the table found himself minus the meat course, and did not hesitate to comment about it. Rice pudding arrived soon after. Rather than be bullied by any "guy," Ron repeated his former conduct. Nothing was said, but all along the line the men eased up on their helpings and Ron was put down as an undesirable citizen.

Next morning, after a hurried wash in cold water, over a long tin trough, the men were called in to breakfast. The meal consisted of coffee, creamed and sugared before hand to suit some one else's taste, and of hot cakes whose toughness rivaled sole leather itself. By the time the recruits had managed to swallow three or four of these, they were ordered to line up in double rows outside the barracks before their captain. "Count off from one to four," came the order. "One, two, three, four," one after another the men blurted out their numbers. "Number fours are acting corporals," announced the captain, briskly. Ron experienced a peculiar feeling, a mixture of joy and dread: he was a number four. He risked a side glance at the seven men who would be under him. Number two was the man whom he had cheated out of corn beef hash the night before. Instantly all traces of joy vanished, and he was ready to give his chance at being a corporal with a vote of thanks thrown in.

Gradually the concise, cheery voice of the captain penetrated through Ron's gloom. The officer was talking to his men, telling them that the army was the best place in the world in which to make good, that every man there would have a chance to rise just as fast as he could prove himself worthy. He, their captain, expected every man under him to make an A No. 1 soldier, and he would continue to expect this until forced to believe otherwise. The men just appointed acting corporals would be made real corporals just as fast as they could do the work. They had been given a trust and were to deliver the goods.

As Ron listened, his loathing of the army slipped away. In its place he was seized with an intense desire to make good, to please his captain and to be liked by his men. No one would ever know just how it had stung his boyish heart to realize that everyone in Glen Cove save his dear old mother was glad to have him leave home, to go anywhere just so he got out. Way down in his heart he knew that he could have been a decent sort if he had not started wrong, and if anyone had ever expected anything except meanness out of him. Now his chance had come, even luck was with him, and by all the gods he would keep his trust. Boylike, he was already seeing himself with

two silver bars on his shoulder, when the order to "march" was given, and the recruits set off for the parade ground. The process of making him into an intelligent machine with thorough military efficiency had commenced.

The next few days of Ron's life still remain more or less of a blank to him. They were filled with endlessly repeated "squads right" and "squads left," "present arms," "shoulder arms," goose step, quick step, double time, left oblique, head exercise, back exercises, leg exercises, neck exercises, trunk exercises. He stood far ages at attention until his back bone felt like a red hot cord or a piece of brittle steel. He ate three meals a day, always in a hurry, and never got quite enough to satisfy him. Every day it rained just enough to keep his clothes feeling like so much soggy wool. He was forever cleaning shoes, and they were forever muddy. His hat shed the water like a sieve and his toes began to poke through his socks. The chief joy in the morning was to get up in the gray darkness when the moon was as large as a dish pan and the sun a mere memory, to fall into dank clothing and report present at reveille. In the evening he who had claimed all Glen Cove as his own to do with as he chose, now went to bed at nine because there wasn't a blamed thing else to do.

Just when he was so miserable that nothing, he thought, could add to his cup of misery, one morning the sun came out with the intention of staying for a time. At breakfast the usually cheerful men received the order that they were to report immediately at the hospital for examination, inoculation and vaccination. Ron was told to take his squad over at once. With many misgivings they set out. They arrived first at a long lumber room, where each was given a card assigning him to his place in the national army. From here they advanced to another room, where each was asked the following cheerful questions:

"Name, please? Age? Your parents' names? Your birth place? In case you are shot, to whom shall we send your salary? In case that person dies in the meantime, to whom do you wish it sent?"

Having been successfully born, deprived of loving parents or wives, and then shot, themselves, Ron and his squad went into another room, furnished with small booths. Here the men were ordered to strip to the skin. The atmosphere was a negligible degree above zero. The physicians in charge sat huddled in their overcoats. The men could have sworn a blue streak with the best grace in the world. Fortunately the irony of the situation appealed to Ron's sense of humor. He took the whole thing as a huge joke. His good nature was contagious. Very soon his men took it up. Later, when they saw how babyish

some of the recruits acted, they appreciated the fact that their corporal was no grumbler.

When properly undressed, the men were lined up along the wall opposite the officers, where they were put through all manner of foolish antics to get their hearts and lungs to function satisfactorily. During this process Ron had an almost overpowering impulse to make a center-rush and play foot-ball with the heads of the officers. Already, however, the military sense of responsibility was getting into his blood. He realized that he had to act not only for himself but for his men. Consequently he remained discretely in line, jumping up and down like an unusual sort of monkey.

As the physician in charge motioned to him, he stepped forward to have his finger prints and all possible marks of identification taken. This was a particularly pleasing ordeal to Ron, especially since he could not disassociate it from the similar treatment given to criminals. He was surprised, however, to hear subdued exclamations of admiration from the stolid doctors. One of them even stepped up and ran his hand admiringly over the white shoulders and down the symmetrical muscles of the young Hercules. One by one the physicians examined him, and he was unanimously pronounced "a remarkable specimen."

All Ron's life he had been strong and healthy until he had come to take his splendid physique as a mere matter of course. In fact, at times he had considered it a decided nuisance since it enabled him to do more work than anyone else on the farm. Now it was suddenly held before him as a wonderful asset. He realized something of its value when he turned and saw the frank admiration in the eyes of his squad. The silent praise warmed his heart more than he was willing to admit. Thanks to it, he did not mind the rest of the ordeal. With Stoic indifference he permitted his arms to be daubed with iodine and pierced simultaneously with vaccine and typhoid serum. He had become quite a hero by the time he returned to his barracks. He had made a mighty start toward making good with his men, at least.

Two weeks later, another bright day came along. Ron was called into the orderly room. The captain was looking for some one who understood the art of felling trees; he had a rather difficult job that he wanted done well. Rather against his will, Ron had been put to felling trees for several summers on his father's farm. After a time he had made play out of work. It became a favorite sport of his to bet his friend anything from a pocket-knife to a saddle horse that he could drop a given tree within an inch of a given spot. In time, only new-comers would

bet with him. His little trick was to tie a rope in just the proper position, and then jerk at the right psychological moment.

He explained some of these details rather shame-facedly to his officer. Rather to his surprise, the captain pronounced him just the man. He explained that he wished three particular pines on the company's practice battle field felled in certain positions. He wanted to use them, along with the fallen timber already there, as a barricade against a supposed enemy. The corporal was to take his choice of rope and axes for the job.

Arrived at the battle field, Ron took a hurried survey. Ahead of him the country swept off in a broad expanse of fern and grass land, with here and there a spot of sparkling water, indicating swamp. To the left and right, huge decaying trees with their gnarled roots extending up in a pathetic manner, were scattered about, mute testimony to their haughty brothers towering above them. A thick blanket of moss covered the living and the dead with marked impartiality.

Ron knew in a minute that his task was a difficult one. The fallen and decaying trees encumbered the ground near the specified pines in an annoying manner. In almost every direction jagged pieces of wood extended into the air, their pointed edges only half concealed by the slippery coat of moss. In the midst of this treacherous debris the men had to work. Ron warned them very carefully of the danger.

With confident skill he climbed the first tree and attached the rope. The axes did their work eagerly. At a warning signal the men scattered. Ron took a running start, tightened his rope and jerked. For an instant he paused to see that the tree obeyed. Satisfied that he was successful, he leaped lithely out of the way. An instant later the forest giant crashed to the ground bearing everything in reach with it. Wherever they had been in the way, the rotting trunks seemed to melt beneath the living weight, but here and there the brown pieces jutted through the green boughs in unmistakable triumph.

The boys viewed their work with a feeling of satisfaction, and then fell to on their next victim. It was nearing mess time when the second giant met the fate of the first. It fell exactly as Ron had predicted. The men believed thoroughly now that their corporal knew what he was doing. They settled down to their last task with confident eagerness.

Their previous work had increased the difficulty of their last job. Ron warned them that this tree would have to be felled just right, otherwise it would fall in the wrong direction and, worse luck, some one might get hurt. With deliberate care he climbed the tree and adjusted the rope, testing its strength by swinging to the ground on it. The men cheered

as his graceful body rebounded from the earth without the slightest jar.

For a quarter of an hour the men hacked manfully at the trunk, while Ron stood back and watched for any indication of danger. Suddenly a loud crack sounded. The men dropped their axes and scattered. Ron alone laughingly held his ground. When they came back, a rather chagrined bunch, Ron was examining the trunk.

"This looks bad for the home team," he said, rising. "She is weak on this side, and the captain said expressly to have her fall the other way."

A dismal silence followed. All the men were eager to please their captain.

"It can be done," said Ron, finally, after a more careful examination. "But you'll have to watch your strokes, and every man of you beat it when I say the word. And for gosh sake, look out for the dead wood."

The men started work again, this time warily, more than a little nervous. Each man though he knew just how it would feel to be pinned to a jagged wood bed with a hundred year old pine resting across his stomach. To make bad matters worse, this particular tree had a low-hanging, U-shaped branch which every man imagined would catch him as it fell and sweep him into sure destruction.

Unexpectedly, without a moment's notice, in true Washington fashion, the sun disappeared into a gray sky. A steady breeze, permeated with fine rain, blew in from somewhere. The heavy tops of the trees swayed mightily. The battered old monarch groaned through its entire length—quivered—and lunged.

There was a moment of mad scramble, when every boy obeyed his most primitive instinct. Ron, standing at a slight distance on the safe side of the swaying tree, felt woefully helpless. His muscles relaxed. The rope in his hands weighed like lead. Suddenly, to his horror, one of his men slipped on the treacherous moss, while attempting to jump a limb, and fell. His foot caught firmly in the rut of a decaying stump, in the direct line of the falling tree.

Then quicker than thought, Ron's muscles leaped into action. His grip on the rope tightened. He made a sweeping run, took his position a little to the right of the direct line of the trunk, and with every nerve poised, jerked the tree toward him. There was a moment of painful silence, broken only by the crunching of the splitting wood. Slowly the heavy trunk swerved ever so slightly. Ron sprang back, tightened his rope and jerked again. Indistinctly he could hear his men shouting at him. The muscles of his mouth were tense, but his eyes calmly watched the downward course of the pine. The mis-

shapen branch was sweeping toward him from the left, just escaping the struggling form of his entrapped friend. To the right there was already a thick network of twisted branches. His men shouted frantically. Ron smiled at them a trifle wanly, dropped his rope, cleared his feet carefully, stooped low and jumped. For indefinite moments he seemed to float in the air just above the low-hanging limb, then amid the deafening crash of the fallen monarch Ron disappeared to his waist in a bed of green boughs.

The tremendous jar released the foot of the imprisoned man. He was the first to Ron's side. The others came with equal speed, slipping and stumbling on the uneven footing. Believing haste the better part of discretion, they attempted to haul him out bodily. His violent objections, however, put an abrupt stop to this process. It then dawned on them that he might be hurt, so they carefully, almost gently, removed the green branches and broken wood from around him.

When once free, his chief comment was: "My good gosh, look at my trousers!" His only pair was riddled. From the torn cloth ten thousand pine needles and splinters were sticking artistically in every direction.

He winced from time to time as his sympathetic friends brushed him off, but he scoffed at the idea when they insisted that he was hurt. Nevertheless, on the tedious walk home, he was forcibly relieved of all burdens. The fellows risked being late for retreat rather than hurry him.

Finally, arrived at the barracks, Ron fixed up his trousers as best he could, and rather than cause any disturbance, reported at supper. He soon found, however, that he had no appetite. He forced the Mulligan down and when the pie came along he picked out the smallest piece. For once, the army coffee tasted good to him. He drank freely of it and took it black. It seemed to help a peculiar feeling which was creeping over him. He had had too little experience with sickness to recognize the sensation as weakness. When the long meal was finally finished he staggered off to his bunk. His right side was smarting dreadfully, and he knew it was bleeding. He was planning to sneak off as soon as possible and to dress it himself. He did not want to make a fuss about it to the captain.

Unbeknown to him, Ron's squad had been watching him carefully all the time. As soon as he disappeared into the squad room, they consulted. A committee of one was appointed to report to the captain. To put it mildly, the incident lost nothing in the telling.

A few minutes later, to Ron's dismay, he saw his captain coming toward him. He made a desperate effort to rise, but

even *his* endurance had been taxed to the limit. His stiffening muscles refused to act.

"What's the matter here?" queried the captain, with assumed severity.

"Nothing much, sir—I—"

"It looks like nothing much," remarked the captain dryly, examining the torn and now blood-stained trousers. "I think you'll have a little ride to the hospital."

Ron's heart felt like a lump of ice. He misunderstood the captain's feigned severity, and felt that he had failed miserably somehow. He realized suddenly just what his position as corporal had meant to him, a new kind of life with respect, rather than blame, forming a part of it. He had risked his life to fulfil the trust which the captain had given him. And now just because he had gotten scratched up he was out of the game.

"Oh, sir," he pleaded, letting his desire get the better of his pride, "give me another chance. I can make good. This is nothing; I'll be all right tomorrow."

"My dear boy," said the captain kindly, laying his hand on Ron's shoulder, "a man never loses out in the army by being quick-witted and brave. You have already made good."

Ron looked up questioningly. His commander was smiling a perfectly reassuring smile.

When the young corporal awoke, next morning, he was resting quietly between white sheets. For a time he was unable to recognize just why he felt so comfortable. Finally it dawned on him that the sensation was one of freshness and cleanliness. A pleasurable numbness pervaded his right side from waist down. He lay very quiet, almost afraid to breathe lest the motion reawaken the well-remembered pain. He shut his eyes and tried to recall distinctly the events of the preceding day.

When he again opened his eyes, a slender, black-eyed nurse was standing beside him with a tray in her hands. When she saw that he was awake, she smiled what seemed to Ron a most wonderful smile. He made a violent effort to sit up, ashamed to greet her in so lazy a position. Instantly streams of fire darted through his entire right side. Limp and white, he sank back on his pillow. The black-eyed nurse looked alarmed and hurriedly put down the tray, while she adjusted his pillow, scolding gently all the time. Several minutes before this operation was finished, Ron had decided to make it necessary as often as possible.

Using an extra pillow for a table, the nurse put his breakfast before him. Then with a repetition of the marvelous smile she placed the *Tacoma Daily News*, carefully folded, in his hands. Ron glanced at the big, red head-lines: "Young Corporal Risks His Life to Save that of One of His Men." His eye

ran hurriedly down the column. His name and the whole incident, told in more than glowing language, stared him in the face.

He looked up to thank his friend; she had suddenly vanished. The paper dropped to the bed. He shut his eyes and gritted his teeth to keep from crying foolishly. He *had* made good—a prominent paper thought he had performed a marvelous feat, his men liked him and, above all, respected him, his captain still had confidence in him, and an adorable girl had taken enough interest in him to bring him the good news. He was in heaven itself.

Dupont, Washington.

Ambition

(Selected)

If you would rise above the throng
 And seek the crown of fame,
 You must do more than drift along
 And merely play the game.
 Whatever path your feet may tread,
 Whatever be your quest,
 The only way to get ahead
 Is striving for the best.

'Tis not enough to wish to do
 A day's toil fairly well;
 If you would rise to glory, you
 Must hunger to excel.
 The boy who has the proper stuff
 Goes into every test,
 Not seeking to be "good enough,"
 But eager to be "best."

Aim high! And though you fail today
 And may tomorrow fail,
 Keep pounding steadily away,
 Some day you'll hit the nail.
 At no half-way mark ever pause
 In snug content to rest,
 Who would win honor and applause
 Must want to be the best.

The best must be your aim in life,
 The best in sport or work,
 Success in any form of strife,
 Falls never to the shirk.
 The crowns of leadership are few,
 The followers move in throngs,
 If you would be a leader, you
 Must shun the "drift alongs."

The American Boy.

A League of Nations to Enforce World Peace

By Clarence Baird, Instructor in History and Government, Ricks Academy

One hundred and thirty years ago there was held a convention at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, for the purpose of devising some system whereby the liberty gained from George III would be perpetuated to posterity. The success of the members of that convention is attested by the results of their efforts. They planned broadly and built well; and later generations have maintained and developed the structure of constitutional government here commenced.

On June 15, 1915, there assembled at that same historic spot, in the Quaker City, another group of men who commenced a work that may surpass in beneficial results those obtained from the work of 1787. These modern patriots declared that the time has come "to devise and to create a working union of sovereign nations to establish peace among themselves and to guarantee it by all known and available sanctions."

Acting directly upon this declaration, the convention proceeded to organize the American division of The League to Enforce Peace; the purpose of which is set forth in the following proposals:

First: All justifiable questions arising between the signatory powers, not settled by negotiations, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

Second: All other questions arising between the signatories and not settled by negotiations, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.

Third: The signatory powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.

Fourth: Conferences between the signatory powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the judicial tribunal mentioned in Article One.

The government of the United States has been asked to subscribe to this plan, and to assist in making it effective between all the great world powers. It is urged that such a plan will put an end to international strife and institute the rule of law

for the rule of passion. It is hoped that by putting this plan into operation (and it is urged that it can be made operative), more devotion to the cause of international patriotism and honor will be procured; that the hearts of mankind shall beat in greater unity and the feeling of international brotherhood shall pervade the universe of struggling men.

The civilized world has now reached the point where a definite decision must be made and definite plans formulated which shall determine whether that which we call international law shall be considered as a mere code of etiquette or is to be a body of real laws, imposing obligations much more definite and inevitable than has been the case heretofore. We must choose between these two alternatives. There is no middle ground.

Which shall it be? Can the human race readjust and bring permanent peace out of the present terrible upheaval? The cool historian and the pessimistic philosopher say "No." "There have always been wars; therefore, there always will be," reason these individuals, and they point to the present war to buttress their arguments. They maintain that the fighting instinct is inherent in man, that human nature is unchangeable, hence war is inevitable.

We who hold an ideal of peace before us meet this pessimistic philosophy with an emphatic denial of every one of its positions. We deny that the world moves in a circle; that tomorrow reproduces yesterday; that human nature is unchangeable; and that what has been must always be.

The world of men is moving forward from an earlier and savage stage to a future and truly civilized condition. Historically, man has evolved from a lower condition, passing through various stages of barbarism, to his present semi-civilized, semi-Christianized status. The history of the development of society discloses four stages in the evolution of the modern state: First, kinship was the sole bond, and individual retaliation was unchecked. Then it was deemed advantageous to organize into tribes where certain restrictions were placed upon individual liberty of redress. The tribes later became organized into larger units called nations, where courts of law existed, but individuals still settled differences outside the courts. The methods used were ordeals, wager of strength, wager of law, and the like. The fourth and last step consists in the elimination of all private retaliation, and the settlement of all private disputes in the courts of law. This has now been accomplished within the forty-six modern civilized states.

Nations, in their sovereign relations, are in the same stage of development today that individuals were, in their private relations, six or eight centuries ago. The world has already

achieved peace and justice, through law and organization, as between individuals, hamlets, towns, and even states, within the civilized nations; but within the realm of international relations we are still in a primitive condition. The problem of international peace is that of finding ways and means for accomplishing between the nations what has already been accomplished within the nations.

A mere alliance of the powers is insufficient. Concerts of Europe, alliances, ententes, skilful balances of power, all ultimately lead to war. Conciliation, good-will, love of peace, human sympathy, all are ineffectual without institutions through which they can act. Only the possibility of establishing real restraint by law, administered and enforced through some international organization, seems to remain to give effect to the will of the vast majority of mankind.

There must be a definite and comprehensive confederation, wherein there is a real organization, having sufficient power to make regulations, apply the same to cases that may arise between the various peoples comprising international groups, and having sufficient power to command obedience. The jurisdiction of this organization must extend to all cases arising between these various groups; especially those cases involving the so-called "vital interests" and "national honor." In private life, if a man refused to appear in court because he thought his cause a vital one, but should decide to settle his troubles by personal force, society would immediately brand him as an outlaw and menace, and would proceed to place him where he would be rendered harmless. So should it be in international life. If we are to have international peace, there must be some international organization which can summon international offenders, adjudicate their differences, and see that they abide by the decision rendered.

History furnishes examples where this result has been obtained on a smaller scale than that demanded at the present time, and such examples are valuable as precedents and pathfinders. Witness the formation of the United States of America—a federation of thirteen comparatively sovereign states, whose interests were no more in common, or whose people had no greater incentive directing them in the formation of one central government than have the inhabitants of the present nations in maintaining international peace. The people of the thirteen colonies were no closer commercially, politically, socially or intellectually, in 1787, than are the people of the civilized world, in 1918.

In 1787 the thirteen colonies were essentially independent units, so far as a political superiority was concerned; but they were far from independent when commerce, common interests,

and a desire for mutual advancement were concerned. To insure domestic prosperity and to perpetuate their hard-won independence of a tyrannical king it was decided that certain rights would be relinquished by each colony and vested in the central government, which should be given exclusive control of these powers. The constitution of the United States was the result. This gave the central government entire control over foreign affairs, domestic questions that pertained to all the colonies, and all questions of war and peace. The colonies, or states, as they now became, were expressly prohibited from entering into alliances with foreign nations, engaging in war with each other or foreign powers, or interfering with the federal government in the exercise of its delegated powers.

To insure obedience to the mandates of the federal government the states were bound to come to its assistance in case of necessity, with their military and economic forces; and in case of national danger the forces of all were at the disposal of the central government. At the same time the rights of the respective states were carefully safeguarded and protected from the federal government, or from each other.

Has this confederation of essentially sovereign nations been successful? If so, why cannot the same principles be incorporated into our international life? What is there to prevent the formation of an international organization having control of those problems of an international nature, adjusting all questions arising between national groups, and leaving to the various nations control of affairs pertaining only to them? All international groups should pledge their economic and military strength to see that this organization has proper respect and obedience, as all states in our federal government are bound to stand behind the central government.

This plan is not impossible, if the people of the earth will lay aside their so-called patriotism and adopt the principles of internationalism. What the world needs today is not less devotion to the cause of national patriotism, but more devotion to the ideal of international patriotism; not so much individual and national ethics as international and inter-human ethics. When the human race is willing to consider all mankind as members of one great world family then we shall see the end of war and international strife, and not until then.

The principles of the League to Enforce Peace have recently been sanctioned by the world's leading statesmen. On January 5, 1918, Mr. George, in speaking before a labor convention in England, said: "After all, war is a relic of barbarism, and just as law has succeeded violence as a means of settling disputes between individuals, so we believe that it is destined ultimately to take the place of war in the settlement of controversies between

nations." "For these and other similar reasons we are confident that a great attempt must be made to establish, by some international organization, an alternative to war as a means of settling international disputes."

Three days after the English premier had delivered the above sentiments, President Wilson in speaking before Congress stated among other things that "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states." The same principles have been recently sanctioned by representatives of Russia and the Central Powers. While there is some difference as to the actual machinery to be devised for the purpose of putting into execution the principles of the League to Enforce Peace, the general plan has met with approval, and this is the all important thing.

It seems logical that the outcome of national federalization should be international federalization. First was the clan, then the tribe, then the nation, in their early developments, and lastly the great federal state. Why cannot the development be carried one step farther and give the world international fellowship? When such has been accomplished, and it will be accomplished, law may be substituted for force; reason, for passion; investigation and judicial decision, for war; mankind shall have but one purpose, justice shall reign supreme, and the "kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law." *Rexburg, Idaho.*

Invocation

Father of all spirits! Make us strong
 To bear the Gospel light
 To every nation, people, tongue—
 The world-field, harvest-white.
 The healing rays for those by brutal wrong
 Left in the darkest plight,
 Are ours to spread—an apostolic throng,
 Dawn-heralds in their might.

Lord of the harvest! Thine the guidance be,
 Though ours the hand to wield
 The reaping sickle on the ripened field.
 Men's systems failed—pseudo-Christianity—
 Thy glorious truth must come within their ken.
 We see our task. Thy will be done. Amen!

Frank I. Kooyman.



"El Morah"—meaning "The Castle" in Spanish. It is generally known as "Inscription Rock."

El Morah—Inscription Rock

By Joseph E. Robinson, President of the California Mission

In a little-known part of western New Mexico, about forty miles from Zuni (the present home of more than one thousand Pueblo Indians, and all that is left of the famed "Seven Cities of Cibola"), and twelve miles from the little "Mormon" settlement of Ramah, is perhaps the most famous cliff in the world, and yet but few people, comparatively, are aware of it.

More than three hundred years ago the Spanish fathers named this cliff "El Morah"—the castle; Americans of today call it "Inscription Rock," and it is the signal object of interest and veneration in the El Morah National Government Reserve.

El Morah is composed of very fine, white sandstone, stands over two hundred feet high, with precipitous sides, and its turrets, bastions, and embattlements warrant the name "Castle" given it. Upon its apex are the ruins of two ancient pueblos, set opposite each other by a chasm that has nearly cleft El Morah in twain.

This historic place used to be a favorite rendezvous for the

early Spanish explorers and adventurers who traversed the great southwest of America and discovered the Pueblo Indians, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the Gulf of Lower California, more than three hundred years ago.

El Morah is called the "Stone Autograph Album," for it bears the name of nearly every man of note who traveled in the great southwest in the early days of Spanish adventure. The oldest *identified* autograph is that of Don Juan de Onate, April 16, 1605. There is one other, that of Pedro Romero, which appears to have been written apparently in 1580. If that be



Elder Orson F. Whitney, President D. K. Udall and Brother Waite at "El Morah." The lettering in the face of the cliff may be noted with a magnifying glass.

true, he was a comrade of Sanchez Chamuscade, who made his remarkable march of exploration that year. There is another that looks to be "1526," but I have learned that the "5" is most probably an old style "7", and therefore this date would be 1726, as it is thought no white man set foot in New Mexico two hundred years earlier than this period. The old Conquistadors who wrote their names in this wonderful album, with the points of their swords or poniards, have left in many instances a pathetic history behind them. One such was Diego de Vargas, a generous hero who re-conquered New Mexico after the fearful

Pueblo rebellion of 1680, in which twenty-one missionaries and four hundred Spaniards were massacred by the Indians in one day, and their survivors driven back into old Mexico. De Vargas' statement is as follows:

"Aqui estaba el Gen. Dn. Do. de Vargas quien conquisto a nuestra Santa Fe y a la Real Corona todo el nuero menco a su



Our party on top of a Zuni Pueblo, second story.

Costa, ano de 1692:" which translated freely, means:

"Here General Don Diego de Vargas conquered for our holy faith, and for the royal crown (of Spain) all of New Mexico at his own expense, in the year 1692."

His writing is very pretty. So also is that of Ensign Don



Zuni Indian vegetable gardens, each walled in, and the plants cultivated individually.

Joseph de Payba Basconzelos, who stated that in February, 1726, he "brought the Town Council of the Kingdom of New Mexico, at his own expense, by that rock."

Along with the many interesting Spanish names are ancient Indian pictographs which would doubtless be as full of interest and reveal as much history of an earlier date still as that which has been engraven by the Spaniards. There is one other short statement of a common soldier contained in two tiny, quaint lines, which state that "I am a soldier from the land of Felipe de Arellano, on the 16th of September." If this is so, he was one of the three men left of the massacred Spanish garrison that was guarding the city of Zuni in 1700.

Nearly all these old heroes, for such they were, record the fact that all they did was for their faith and the glory of Spain, and I feel that they are worthy of homage because of their courage, loyalty, and devotion, even though today we may differ with them in a concept of the right of religion, conquest and exploitation. It is well worth one's time and means, if he be in the vicinity of El Morah, to visit it and see the hundreds of writings thereon, some most handsome in execution and design, and others so crude that it takes a learned student to decipher them.

I visited this interesting place in company with Elder Orson F. Whitney, President David K. Udall and Brother Waite. The hour was too late to secure a good photograph, but I am enclosing such as I made, but failed to get a close-up picture that would show the autographs. However, with a magnifying glass, one can see some of the inscriptions cut into the enduring stone, just in front of the above-mentioned party.



Zuni women winnowing wheat on top of Pueblo. The Zuni huts in the background are built on the modern plan. The corrals or yards are upright cedar posts.



Elder Orson F. Whitney at the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

While there, and "under the spell of the hour," I penned the following lines, which Brother Whitney passed by with a shrug of his shoulder and a lift of his eyebrow, but I submit them to the *Era* for what they are worth:

El Morah (Inscription Rock)

Thou mighty tome of distant age,
Windearved and worn by frost and sun,
What tales are writ upon thy page
Of battles lost—of virtues won!
Sublime, majestic, set apart,
Thou sentinel of solitude,
Containest sphinx-like in thy heart
The history of a multitude.

A race so long since dead and gone
That men know not their name nor place,
Have carved in symbols yet unknown
Their lifework on thy stony face;
And others than the race forgot,
Conquistador and pioneer,
With Spanish priest who shared their lot,
Have each in turn made record here.

Could'st thou but speak, what tales of woe
Thy stormy lips might tell us then,
And stories, too, that warm and glow
With bravest deeds of val'rous men;
For those who found thee in this place,
So far removed from worldly ken,
Were heroes all, and set the pace
For years to come, for other men.

The Miracle

By *Elsie C. Carroll*

"Hello, Utah. How's the case?" Doctor Jarvis turned at the genial greeting of a fellow interne. He had just stepped into the elevator to go down to number 246 at an urgent call from the nurse. He looked half enviously at Doctor Burton's clean-shaven, untroubled face before he replied. Burton, it seemed to Jarvis, had a knack of getting along without the difficulties and worries which seemed always lurking upon his own trail.

"I'm afraid the case is hopeless," he replied, despondently. "How is yours?"

"Fine and dandy. You remember my last draw was the old gent from Texas. Well, he's out on the porch this afternoon. Expects to start home next week. I'm celebrating my luck tonight. Don't you want to go to the show with me?" Jarvis shook his head.

"I'd better wait until I have some luck of my own before I celebrate," he said, grimly. They had stepped from the elevator. Burton walked down the hall with Jarvis toward number 246.

"Oh, cheer up, old man. Don't take that case so to heart. What if you do lose it? Gregory told me this morning that all the men on the staff had been in and given it up. You don't expect to do more than the old guns, do you?"

"Of course not. But it's *my* case, and in a way I'm responsible for it. Besides, think of my two cases before! Isn't that a record for a fellow competing for that vacancy on the staff? If I could get a glimpse of your lucky star I might be able to celebrate once in a while myself. But as it is, well, I've about decided I'm a failure, Burton."

"Oh, come off! We all know you're still in the race, and besides the rest of us don't have all the luck. I'd be willing to lose a case or two if I could have that little Nurse Blakesley to work with. You ought to see the elephant who hands me bandages." This last was in an undertone as they neared room 246. Jarvis opened the door noiselessly, while Burton passed on down the hall.

The nurse looked up as the young doctor entered.

"There seemed to be a weakening of the pulse, Doctor," she explained briefly. "And I had promised to let you know if

there was any change." Miss Blakesley looked sympathetically at the anxious face of the young interne. She was not as old in years as Harold Jarvis, but she was a good deal older in hospital experience, and her heart went out in sympathy to this young man in his first test cases upon which so much to him at least depended. Besides, she liked this open-faced, hard-working Westerner from the first day he had come into the hospital. She wanted him to succeed and it was hard to see him failing.

Jarvis took out his watch and counted the patient's pulse-beats.

"Yes, it is slower," he admitted, reluctantly. "Has she been more delirious than usual this afternoon?"

"I think not. For nearly a half hour she has lain as quiet as you see her now."

Harold Jarvis gently placed the woman's thin hand back upon the coverlet and slipped his watch into his pocket. He stood for a moment with his head dropped forward, looking down at the white, drawn face on the pillow, but seeing something quite different. He was remembering that touching scene in the waiting room the morning Mrs. Clayton had come to the hospital. Her three little children were there with the aged aunt, who was to care for them during the mother's stay in the hospital. He remembered how they had clung to her and how she had promised them she would soon be home. Then she had turned to him and begged, "You will see that I keep that promise, won't you, doctor?"

None of them had thought the case serious at that time. A slight operation should have been all that was necessary. But then, that dreaded fever had set in with baffling complications which even the best doctors on the staff seemed unable to understand. The little mother who had seemed so determined to live when she came to the hospital, now seemed determined to die in spite of all that modern science and medicine could do for her. In her delirium she had forgotten the little ones waiting for her to come home; she remembered only her dead husband and begged continually for him to come and take her away.

"Nearly two beats slower than it was this morning;" Doctor Jarvis said the words slowly, as if more to himself than to the white-clad nurse on the opposite side of the bed. He was thinking of little Philinda Boliske, his last patient, who had died across the hall a week ago, and of the young workingman, injured in a fall, who had died in Ward F, three weeks before that. They were his patients! And he was competing for that vacancy on the staff! It seemed almost as if fate were against him.

Surely no one could have worked harder than he had during the four years since his matriculation in the medical college.

He was older than most of the fellows, too, and had supposed his broader experience would count for something. It had seemed to until recently. He remembered those early struggles when he had had to endure the half-scornful banter of such men as Burton and how later his capacity for hard work and ability to stay with a problem until its completion had won their respect and friendship, though his old nick-name still clung to him.

He had passed the hospital examination with honors, and when the board had announced that the vacancy on the staff caused by the resignation of Dr. Hampton would be filled from among the internes, he had high hopes of landing the position. It was just what he had been working for, and looking forward to during all those long years of preparation. He had been told by his teachers many times that he was especially fitted for hospital service. He had thought so himself. It was the kind of work he liked best. But in spite of all these things he was failing! He had lost three cases within a month! No other interne had such a deplorable record. He was a failure! That thought with the realization that a precious life he was expected to save, was at this moment slipping away from him, made him dumb with misery and discouragement.

Harold Jarvis was still somewhat of a boy in his emotions, and his lips trembled a bit as he turned from the bed toward the door. The nurse who had been watching him furtively, forgot to be professional. She stepped forward and touched his arm.

"I'm so sorry, Dr. Jarvis," she said, simply. "We all know how hard you have worked and that you have done everything that could be done." He turned and looked at her, remembering what Burton had said. He had not realized before that she was far more than a merely capable nurse; that she was a womanly woman as well. He was touched by the unaffected sympathy in her voice and eyes.

"It's kind of you to say that, Miss Blakesley, and I want to tell you how I appreciate the splendid help you've given me all through. You're certainly *some* nurse, and I'm glad you don't have to know how it hurts to fail."

"Oh, don't say that, Dr. Jarvis! This doesn't mean you've failed. And besides, she—she may—live yet. There have been such things as miracles." But Jarvis shook his head.

"You know as well as I, that it is only a matter of hours. There is nothing more that I can do. However, I shall come back in a half hour. I've been in the lab. all morning trying to find some clue in a blood analysis. I'm going out for a breath of air now. He smiled grimly as he turned again to the door. "Oh, it's nothing but just plain failure, Miss Blakesley,

and—well, you see it's a bit hard, because I've been thinking all along that I was cut out for success."

Dr. Jarvis was wrapped in gloomy thoughts as he walked slowly down the broad gray steps toward the street. As he paced back and forth along the pavement in front of the somber building, he forced his mind to go over every detail of the case. Had he missed something important in the history? Had the diagnosis been wrong or incomplete? Had there been anything neglected in the treatment?

While he was still pondering these perplexing questions he became aware that two children were walking close behind him and that he was the object of their conversation.

"'Course, it's him. I know it is. Don't you know he was all like that, with his head tipped a little too much to the front. And that mole on his cheek—I remember that plain as anything, 'cause it looks just like a apple seed. Sure it's him, but you ask him, June."

"Oh, I'm afraid. He looked awful kind when he was talkin' to mama that day. I didn't think I'd be afraid, but I am, Harry, honest I am. He looks fierce enough to eat us up." Though the little girl spoke in an undertone her words were quite audible.

"You're the oldest," the small lad argued.

"But you're a man. Ladies hadn't ought to go around speakin' to gentlemen first." This rebuttal seemed to have the desired effect.

Dr. Jarvis felt a timid twitch on his coat sleeve, and turned about questioningly. The faces of the children were strangely familiar. He gazed at them a moment, then his heart failed him. They were Mrs. Clayton's children. He felt as if he were a criminal standing before a judgment seat.

"You're the doctor, ain't you?" the lad ventured bravely. "June and me come to ask you when our Mama'll be home." Jarvis opened his lips but they were dry and refused to speak.

"It's been most a month since she come here and wer'e gettin' awful lonesome and baby Bess is teethin', and Aunt Fanny says she can't keep us much longer." Little June found her courage. Her small, rough hand slipped into Jarvis' as she ended her plea, "Won't you please hurry and make her well, Doctor?"

Harold Jarvis felt as if he were sweating drops of blood. This was too much! What could he say? How could he tell them that no power on earth could make their mother well and that she would never come home to them?

In that moment of agony the words of the nurse came to him. "There have been miracles." Oh, for a miracle now!

Suddenly there flashed before the young man's mind an

incident of his childhood. He had not thought of it for years. Indeed, in his struggle to make a place for himself in the world he had almost forgotten his childhood and the things for which it stood. But that vision now was as vivid as any picture he had ever seen: The little bedroom in the shabby old farm house at home; his mother, her face drawn and white, holding on her lap his baby sister who had been ill for several weeks. The child was as white as death and her breath was coming in little gasps. He saw himself and his brother and other sister standing near, holding fast to one another's hands. Mother had called them and told them that little Alice was going away. Then his father had entered the room. He had a bottle of oil. He had knelt beside the mother, anointed the baby's head and blessed her, asking God, if it was his will, to spare her life. Jarvis felt again the thrill of the strange, holy silence which had filled the room. They all had stood watching as if held by a magic spell. Presently the baby's breath had begun to come easier. After awhile she had opened her eyes and nestled against the mother's breast for nourishment. He remembered how the tears had streamed down his mother's cheeks as she had turned to them and said, "God is going to let baby stay with us! Let us thank him."

That was a miracle! A miracle he had seen with his own eyes. Strange how he had forgotten it! He suddenly realized how far he had grown away from that old simple life of his childhood. How far he had grown away from any feeling of dependence upon God. He longed in that instant, for the old faith and assurance.

Miss Blakesley was right. There had been miracles! Might there not be miracles still? Because man's power had grown greater in the world was no reason why God's should have grown less. Suddenly he found himself looking upon the universe from a new angle. He needed God as he had never needed him before. He had been trying to assume burdens which belonged to God.

The children stood looking at him wonderingly. Why did he not answer their questions? What made that strange look in his eyes?

At last he pressed June's hand and patted Harry on the back.

"I hope your mama will be able to come home—soon. I—I—believe she will!" Then he turned and hurried up the broad, gray steps and disappeared into the hospital.

Very quietly, but with a new look in his eyes, Doctor Jarvis entered room 246. The nurse looked up. There was both sympathy and reluctance in her voice as she said:

"I'm afraid, Doctor, she has gone into the coma."

Doctor Jarvis crossed to the bed.

"Miss Blakesley, a little while ago you said there had been miracles in the world. I wonder if there can't still be miracles. I have done all in my power to save this woman. It does not seem right that she should die. I am going to ask God to do what I am unable to do."

He knelt upon the floor beside the bed. In reverent awe the white-capped nurse dropped on her knees beside him. The man's deep voice sent up an earnest plea to the Great Physician of human souls.

When he had finished there was a deep hush in the room. The doctor still knelt at the head of the bed. The nurse remained beside him, softly weeping.

Presently the patient stirred. It was ever so lightly, and the two watchers held their breath. The waxen eyelids fluttered, and raised from the dark eyes. The pale lips moved. Doctor Jarvis bent forward eagerly to catch the words:

"The children—I want—to go—home to—the children."

My Work

(Selected, Author Unknown)

I come to thee, O Lord, for strength and patience
 To do thy will;
 Help me, O Father, in this world of duty,
 My place to fill.

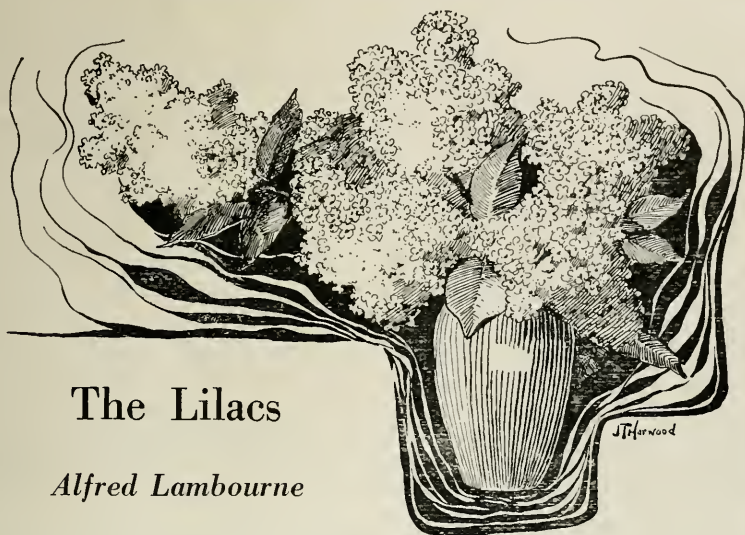
I may not go and labor in thy vineyard,
 Where through long hours
 Brave men and women toil, and from thy presses
 The red wine pours.

My work at home lies with the olive branches;
 My field is there—
 To train them fitly for the heavenly garden
 Needs all my care.

I may not, in the woods and on the mountains,
 Seek thy lost sheep—
 At home a little flock of tender lambkins
 'Tis mine to keep.

Thou givest us, thy servants, each our life-work;
 No trumpet tone
 Shall tell the nations in triumphant pealing
 How mine was done.

But 'twill be much if, when the task is over,
 Through grace from thee,
 I give thee back, unharmed, the precious treasures
 Thou gavest me.



The Lilacs

Alfred Lambourne

Behold, fair Spring doth ope the lilac buds;
And O, for words that choice and dainty be,
To tell how memory my being floods,
The dreams of youth this fragrance brings to me!

What line shall this exquisiteness suggest,
The whitened edge, the flush within the cell,
A hidden glow like vermil hues that rest
Deep in the cold heart of a tropic shell.

With moisture strange, the lilacs fill mine eyes,
A gladsome dew that gathers into tears;
Entranced I stand, lost in a sweet surprise,
While joys divine come back from out the years.

Here child-like innocence and passion blend;
The rapture of the Prime keeps in the hours;
These clusters treasure bring me without end;
I feel myself once more in Eden's bowers.

Ah, quick; ah, quick, my irised visions fade,
My dreamland palace all in ruin lies!
With you, O lilacs, I have backward strayed
To Hope of youth and April-weeping skies.

Deliverance Through the Gospel

By *W. J. Coleman*

Prof. N. L. Nelson, of the Brigham Young University, writes that from Elder W. J. Coleman of Knightsville comes to him this "humble testimony against the cigaret."

"Brother Coleman," continues Prof. Nelson, "is one of our recent converts from England. The facts he sets forth as to the enslaving power of tobacco—and especially of tobacco in this, its most vicious form—are typical of England's army, whether industrial or military. A great reformer has expressed serious doubt as to whether the cigaret slave can ever muster will power enough to free himself. Millions make the attempt again and again; but the number that really reassert their manhood are so few as to be negligible. Only under the stress of some great emotion—as of pride or shame, fear, or love—does the victim rise to the power of breaking his shackles. But these emotions are frequently transitory; and so 'respectable' is the vice, by the standards of the world, that too often the ex-slave goes back to a bondage from which only death will thereafter set him free—if indeed his spirit does not go with its thralldom of poison upon it, into the spirit world.

"Elder Coleman points out how futile, in his own case, were all minor motives to reform; such as love of mother, or of wife and family; and notes how honor itself was in danger of going down before the cravings of this terrible drug. He then points out how the gospel saved him. The power of God is equal to any emergency in our lives, if we can but get this power to re-enforce our enfeebled will. And that is precisely what the gospel is: the 'power of God unto salvation'—not merely an ultimate salvation, which is of relatively little importance, but of present salvation—salvation in the here and now—without which there can be no ultimate salvation."

"For twenty years," writes Brother Coleman, "I was a cigaret fiend, beginning the vicious habit when only twelve years of age. Thanks to my heavenly Father, the message of 'Mormonism' rescued me; and my only purpose in writing this letter is to convey my testimony to my friends in England, many of whom are struggling to free themselves from the cigaret, and I know the *Improvement Era* will reach them.

"A tree is to be known by its fruit. Cigaret-smoking

was the beginning of all evil in my life. It took me to the ale-houses. For over two years I did not know what a bed was on Saturday nights. On receiving my week's wages I made straight for a saloon, and when this closed about midnight, I went next to a gambling den.

"All the time I knew my dear old mother was lying awake, or perhaps sitting up waiting the long night through for the return of her son. Again and again, I tried to quit, but failed, for I did not go to the right Source for strength. Once I lay sick for three months, and a leading doctor of Birmingham told me I must give up smoking or I would die. But even with the grave staring me in the face, I couldn't stop. I was crazy for it, and I had the vile stuff hidden under a chair, and lit my cigaret the moment the doctor left.

"Well, I didn't die, for a wonder, and on getting up, I joined the army, which was all the worse for me, for ninety-nine out of every hundred soldiers smoke cigarets. We were ordered out to the war in South Africa, and there, one dark night, I was on duty as sentinel, at post number one, the most responsible post in the field, with strict orders to keep a sharp look-out for the enemy. To strike a light was the last thing I must think of doing.

"And now the craving was upon me—and I couldn't resist. I lay down, covered my overcoat about my head, and lit my cigaret. When next I looked out, the sight before me made me wish the earth would open and let me in. The penalty for what I had done was death or a long term of imprisonment; and there before me, not forty yards away, stood four men.

"Think, my brethren and sisters, the lives of a thousand men depended upon me, and the happiness of more than a thousand fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children at home. Luckily for me, the men were of our own army, and not the advance guard of the enemy! I got off that time, but it did not cure me of smoking cigarets.

"Finally the gospel message reached me through a simple tract, and when I spoke to the missionary—he was a young man from Provo—he told me that smoking was contrary to God's word, and in my heart I knew he had the truth. I finally became a member, but the craving did not leave me. I was ashamed to be one among the Priesthood of God—all clean men, and I the only filthy one among them.

"Then my wife and I and our children fasted, and prayed, over and over again, that I might get strength to quit, and I cried unto my heavenly Father for help. The elders knew how hard I was trying, and one day the president of the conference laid his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Brother, you shall win, and shall know the very day and hour that you gain the

victory,' and I did—I am no longer subject to this terrible craving.

"I rejoice that I am today numbered with a people who, though despised and rejected of men, worship a God who hears and answers prayers. I thank him for the ministration of that humble 'Mormon' boy—some fond mother's son—who brought the light and truth to me. My prayer is that this letter may reach and help rescue some mother's son enslaved, as I was, with the vilest of vile poisons to both spirit and body—that of the cigaret."

On the Fall of Jerusalem

Judah, awake, shake off thy mourning deep,
 Forget thy tears, no longer shalt thou weep;
 Thy fetters, worn with patience, fling afar,
 Freedom dawns brightly with thy new-born Star.
 Wandered thou hast, an exile far from home,
 Since Titus bled thee white and ploughed the temple stone;
 Thy sons and daughters fair have roamed the earth,
 Hated and scorned—the toy of Gentile mirth.
 Jerusalem, proud City of the Kings, defaced;
 The sacred soil of Palestine laid waste;
 At length befouled by Islam's turbaned bands,
 E'en now the massive Mosque of Omar stands
 Where once the Temple reared its stately walls,
 Guarding thy priesthood in its holy halls.
 Six centuries the Crescent floated high
 Where once King David's standard brushed the sky.
 But now, O Judah, sing unto the Lord,
 For He at last has kept his plighted word,
 Foretold by prophets in their songs sublime—
 Sweet sequel to thy grief in foreign clime.
 Redemption awaits; and now the trumpet shrill
 Shall call thy sons to blessed Zion's hill.
 Messiah has appeared, but not the conquering king
 Of whom the Jewish heart has loved to sing—
 Messiah, true; but in the keen, cold edge of British steel
 And British brawn and British zeal
 He is revealed. Behold the Union Jack unfurled,
 A proclamation to a grateful world
 That God has nerved the arm of Christian men,
 And has reclaimed the Holy Land again.
 O House of Judah—seed of royal sires—
 Abraham, Jacob, David—light the ancient fires
 Of national pride! Rebuild Jerusalem, Judea's acres till,
 The purposes of God with zeal fulfil!
 Those sterile plains and vales again shall yield
 The riches of the vineyard and the field;
 And over all, Jehovah's tender care shall rest—
 Judah forgiven, and with Israel blest!

Frank C. Steele.

Forfeits

By Nephi Anderson

The train stopped long enough at the switch to let Gale Thompson alight, and then it rolled on down the valley. The young man stood for a moment and looked about him. His native village had not as yet attained to the importance of having a station house, and there was now no life about the spur nor the lone box-car which served for a shelter.

A little less than five years ago Gale had left home to seek adventure and perchance fortune in the world; and now as he swung up the dusty road it seemed to him that he had been away a few months only. True, the trees were larger and a few new houses had been built, but the village looked very much the same as of old, as it lay embowered in orchards of peach and cherry with the big, nearby Wasatch mountains rearing their craggy tops into the blue sky to the east.

On nearing the village, Gale slackened his pace, seeming in no great hurry to get home. No mother was awaiting him, and he did not know how his father would receive a son who had for many years paid little heed to wise counsel. His sister Laura—a kind, sweet soul, as he remembered her—would be quite a woman now. * * * And then, there was Mell. * * * For a year he had not heard from any of them. How would he find them? What kind of reception would he get?

The afternoon was warm, and Gale stopped in the shade of a big boxelder tree. He seated himself on the grass of the ditch bank, and as he had done many times as a boy, he looked into the clear irrigation stream which gurgled over the pebbles. He was lingering now as then, but for other and less definite reasons.

This home-coming was not the result of sudden whim nor repentant mood; it was, doubtless, just the homing instinct asserting itself. He did not want—he did not expect, any “fatted calf” demonstration over his return. He wanted just to slip quietly into his native town and as quietly readjust himself to the old-time home life. Of course, he wanted to see the folks—and then there was Mell * * *

Mell Andrews had been his boyhood girl-chum. She had lived next door to them, and as far as he knew, she lived there still. It was Mell who had faithfully kept him informed on things at home, and between the lines of her letters, had unconsciously confessed the condition of her heart to him. Over a

year ago she had sent him her photograph. This, with the confessions, and the memory of a sweet, childish face looking trustfully up to his, had been among the forces which had drawn him home.

On the other side of the street had lived Dick Stevens, the young man who had gone with him to see the world. He and Dick had been close companions in many ups and downs until some two years ago when Dick had returned home. Where was he now? For a long time he had not heard from him.

Gale arose from the bank and walked on. He had not sent word that he was coming, so his arrival would be a surprise to all. Again he asked himself what would he find. Again he lingered. * * * He realized he was somewhat prodigal. * * How quiet the little town was, how soothingly restful after the roar and the turmoil of the big cities! He felt as if he would like to stay at home a long time, yes, to settle down again—with Mell! His heart glowed at that thought. Mell had always been different from other girls, and now how sharply she stood out from those with whom he had recently associated! He had neglected her shamefully. Well, he would make up for all that now. Then he laughed softly at his own conceits. Mell might be married and settled long ago. He had best not indulge too much in fond dreams.

As Gale approached what was once the Stevens' vacant lot, he saw a new house on it. On the front porch sat a man reading a newspaper, which he lowered as Gale reached the gate. The two men stood for a moment looking at each other, then with mutual greetings, they met half way on the path.

"Dick, do you live here?" asked Gale.

"Sure—and so you've come home!" exclaimed the other. "Why didn't you let us know? You've surprised us all!"

Gale only smiled and said, "How's everybody?"

They walked to the porch where, in the shade of the vines, lay a young baby in a cradle. Gale glanced at it.

"Yours?" he asked.

"Yes; didn't you know?"

"I know nothing—haven't heard from any of you for a year."

"Why, Gale—I married Laura!"

"What—my sister? Great guns! Shake again with your brother-in-law. And this is the baby?" Gale gently lifted the coverlet, and the child moved. Its sweet, tiny face lay upturned—its eyes were wide open—but there was something unnaturally strange about them. Gale looked steadily at the child for a moment, then touched tenderly the soft, pink cheeks.

"It's a fine kid, Dick; but what's the matter with its eyes?"

"It's blind."

"Blind! My heavens, Dick, how's that?"

Dick turned away and did not answer. Gale's eyes were riveted on this helpless bit of humanity—this tiny body containing an immortal spirit which had so recently come from the realms of eternal light to a world of darkness. * * * And this was his sister's child. Poor thing!

"Dick, Dick," said Gale, as he saw the father's emotion, "I'm sorry * * * Gee, where's Laura?"

"She's gone to the store, and to do some other errands."

"Is she well?"

"Yes—that is, as well as can be expected."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"Gale, are you as ignorant as I was? Are you yet such a consummate ignoramus as I was?"

"I don't quite get you yet."

"Well, don't *you* go and get married. * * * You keep away from the girls in this town * * * if I had only known!"

* * * "Is it as bad as that?" He began to understand what the other was aiming at.

"Bad!" Dick found his tongue. "It's hell—hell for me and for Laura, and it's the regions of darkness all her life for that little one—that's what it is. * * * Sit down, Gale, I want to talk now. Laura will not be home for some time yet, and we two can speak plainly."

"Yes."

"We two thought we were smart when we left home to see the world. We thought it was an act of courage to dabble in forbidden things—and you know what happened in Chicago. You haven't forgotten what followed our fall from purity, but the ultimate results of our sins neither you nor I ever dreamed of. But I know now. * * * That little innocent thing in the cradle is paying the debt—think of imposing such a debt on such a being! When I look on that child and think that though she may live to be a hundred, yet she will never see the light of day, then, Gale, I suffer the torments of the damned."

Gale sat listening. He was overwhelmed with what had come to him so suddenly. The calloused crust of indifference with which he had smoothed over his past sins now seemed to be in a state of upheaval, threatening to cast into chaotic ruin all the fond hopes he had recently indulged in. He wished he had never come home. Could he get away again without being seen by anyone else? How could he face his father and Laura and Mell! They would read his terrible secret in his tell-tale eyes.

"I didn't know," continued Dick, "that my child might have come into the world deformed, diseased, demented, or afflicted in various other ways than blindness. I didn't know until it was

too late. I was ignorant—the kind of ignorance that is a breeder of sin with all its terrible consequences. And now, Dick Thompson, you keep away from Mell.”

“Mell—is, is she here?”

“Yes; Mell is still here; and a better, sweeter, more beautiful girl you’ll go a long way to find. And although she is keeping company with Tom Mason, you remember him, yet I know the reason she keeps putting him off is because she hopes you will come back—and now you are here.”

Gale seemed unable to make any statement of protest or defense.

“That doctor we went to in Chicago was a fake,” continued Dick. He either didn’t know better, or he lied to us when he said we were cured. We were not, never can be—never for certain. The cursed thing is in the blood, and it may crop out to afflict and kill, not only us, but our innocent offspring to the third and the fourth generation. That’s what I have learned.”

Dick seemed to have talked himself out for the moment. The afternoon sun was nearing the hills as Gale looked up to them. How beautiful they were! Many a time he had roamed over them after the cows. He remembered distinctly just where the choicest choke-cherries grew on those hills, and where the service-berries were biggest and best. Many a pailful he and Mell had picked, and because these two had “stuck to their bush” and had not run all over the hills, they had filled their pails much sooner than the others. * * * The sun went down, and the evening quiet settled over the village.

“Come in,” said Dick. “I’ll light the lamp. Laura will be here any minute, and she will get supper.”

“No; I’ll not go in. I’ll not stay. I believe it will be best not to, at least, not now.”

Footsteps were heard, and Dick looked out through the vines. “Laura is coming,” he said, “wait for her.”

“No; she must not see me. How can I get away?”

Dick led the way through the back door. “Go down into the orchard, and stay there until I come,” he admonished. “I’ll not be long.”

Gale hurried along the path under the trees until he was out of sight of the house. He leaned against a big apple tree, and looked up to the mountains, now glowing in the setting sun. How those big mountains appealed to him! After all, his home-hunger was not to be appeased. * * * Might he not just look once more on his father, his sister, and Mell? * * * Better not, better not. * * *

Dick came walking to him. “It’s all right,” he declared, “Laura did not see you. Now, don’t be in such a hurry to leave. You might as well—”

"Dick—" and the speaker came close to his friend, "I've decided to go away again without being seen, if I can. Promise me that you'll not tell anyone that I've been here. I've forfeited my right to live among my people. I've forfeited what might have been mine: home, friends, wife, children. * * * ——— you, Dick, so have you! * * * Forgive me, but you're in it, and you have to stick. Do the right thing, Dick—promise me, or, by the fates, I'll come back." * * *

"Gale, Gale!"

"It will be no easier for you than for me—no, not so easy; but stick it out, Dick, stick it out. * * * Will you?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, if you are my friend, never let Mell know how near I have been to her, and how near she has been to disaster. Let her think I have forgotten her—let her marry Tom Mason and be happy. I shall never more come into her life. Goodby."

Dick stood still in the darkening shadows of the trees and watched Gale walk through the orchard, across the open lot, and into the unfrequented back street. Along the stone wall which bordered this street, the retreating figure moved as a dark bulk against a sun-reddened surface. On he went to the end of the wall, then disappeared in the shadows at the bend of the road.

Dick lingered. The darkness deepened. A light gleamed from the kitchen window of his house, and a voice called. Then slowly and hesitatingly he turned his steps homeward.

The Way of Life

Our lives upon life's ocean waves
Are tossed about like ships at sea,
And we, the captains of our souls,
Must guide them to eternity.

We at the helm must meet the storm,
And plow right through each rolling wave.
Just steer your bark the best you can,
And try your best your soul to save!

At times the sea will tranquil be;
At other times the billows roar.
'Tis then you'll find it hard to steer
Your soul towards the heavenly shore.

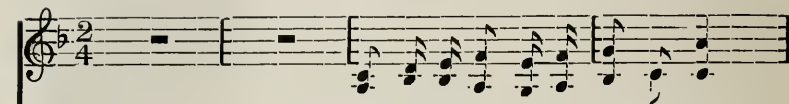
And if the clouds obscure your view,
And you lose heart, and oft despair,
Let faith, your compass, never fail;
Just steer into God's harbor fair.

Wm. H. Latimer.

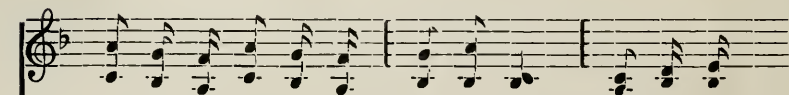
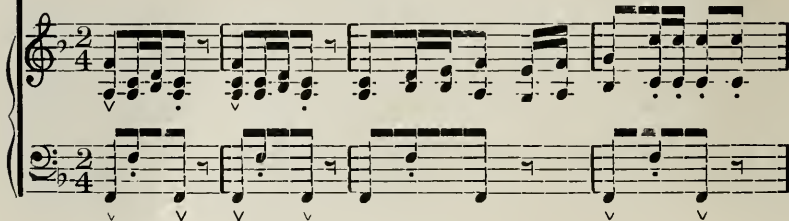
The Old Grey Mare

Written For the Junior Boys.

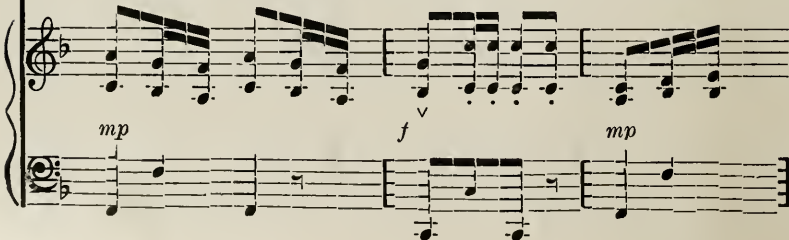
WORDS AND MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.



1. Of all the good things we have around
2. What can our neighborhood yet afford,
3. Ah dear old soul, almost since we're born,
4. When she can travel with us no more,



In this old world where the good a - bound, Chief of them
E - ven in not - ed - ly handy "Ford," That is so
On her old back we've been kindly borne, E - ven a
And all her use-ful-ness shall be o'er, Still of the



all, And be - yond compare, In our es - teem is the
 sure for to "get us there," Through mud or snow as the
 fly-ing ma - chine in air, Can't car - ry us like the
 best she shall have her share, Long as she lives, shall the

f *mp*

old grey mare, Hip, hip, hooray! for the old grey mare.
 old grey mare, Hip, hip, hooray! for the old grey mare.
 old grey mare, Hip, hip, hooray! for the old grey mare.
 old grey mare, Hip, hip, hooray! for the old grey mare.

f *rit. colla voce.*

Our Boys

In loyalty and honor, for justice, truth and right,
 Our boys—our soldier heroes—have joined the world's great fight!
 Father who art in heaven, 'tis in thy cause they stand;
 Be with them, and protect them by thine almighty hand.

Lead them to shun temptation, and keep themselves from sin;
 Then, guided by thy Spirit, the conquest they must win!
 Help them to strike the fetters of tyranny away,
 That with the world's broad freedom may come the brighter day.

And we at home remaining, who may not join the fray,
 Must be alert and earnest: must work, and watch, and pray.
 With love and faith unyielding, with all our minds and might,
 We'll help our hero soldiers to nobly win the fight!

Lula Greene Richards.

Problems of the Age

Dealing with Religious, Social and Economic Questions and their Solution. A Study for the Quorums and Classes of the Melchizedek Priesthood

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

XI—Inequalities a Besetting Sin of Present Day Life

Marvelous and multiplied opportunities for the acquisition of wealth give rise to social differences which today threaten the stability of every so-called civilized nation of the world. Inequalities create envy, envy begets hatred, and hatred entails in its pathway the spirit of destruction. Men do not always, in the superior advantages which they enjoy, exercise a wise stewardship. If those who enjoy superior advantages of wealth would so use their property as to benefit others and give others an opportunity likewise to increase their holdings, the difference in wealth would not be so dangerous, so destructive. But there has always been a strong tendency in man towards vanity and false pride that seduced men into the belief that because they were richer they were likewise better than their fellow men. Such vanity has given rise to exhibitions of frivolity and excesses that were hard for the poorer classes to witness and endure.

There is now going on within the United States, and indeed throughout the world, but more particularly in the United States, a propaganda of pride that may have much to do in this country in creating a revolution, if not down-right anarchy. Our newspapers, and more particularly the Sunday editions, are filled with social notes and advertisements which cater to the vanity and extravagance of those who enjoy more money than most of their fellow creatures.

Society Life.—The newspapers are thus giving their powerful support to an increase of hatred on the part of the poor towards the rich. Much of this advertising is harmless. It is of an innocent personal character that touches in a small way the vanity of those who enjoy so-called "newspaper publicity." Some of this newspaper notoriety is excessively dangerous to the peace of society and the stability of government institutions. When people are poor, and perhaps suffering from deprivations and want, they do not look with much toleration upon the follies of the rich. Some time ago a lady paraded in the newspapers of New York the fact that she had built a \$25,000 house as a home for her favorite cats. Society women of wealth had social gatherings in honor of some dog, and thus their vanity in parading before the public such wanton extravagances is giving rise to criticism, and to class hatred.

A Dog Cemetery.—The *New York Times* of August 19th gives a photographic and written review of a dog cemetery in Westchester county, in which there are more than two thousand graves. The writer says of this cemetery that "on a pleasant summer day there were not fewer than 100 visitors, and that as many as fifteen automobiles would be at the entrance at a time. There has been no saving of expense in the monuments placed over some of the graves; several have cost \$2,500; and including the price

paid for the plot and other expenses, the total individual expense is frequently as much as \$3,000 and \$4,000. Arrangements were recently made for a mausoleum ten feet square to be erected, at a cost of \$10,000. The lowest priced dog is \$10, the highest \$250."

The advertisement of such wasteful extravagances at a time when this country is at war, and when thousands and thousands of its sons may perhaps be thrown into great excavations and simply covered with dirt, is likely to give rise to feelings of bitterness.

Social Functions and Dress.—The modern world is also given to undue extravagance in the matter of its social life, which means excess in dress, in flowers, perfumes, and other wasteful manifestations of wealth. We witness now in Russia the overthrow of a dynasty which has brought upon itself the hatred of the people because of its wastefulness and consequent weakness. The people of that country have insisted on knowing something of the daily habits of the Czar and Czarina, and their courtiers. We are informed that the Czarina spent \$25,000 a year in perfumes.

A Poor Defense.—Those who would justify these extravagances contend that such numerous expenditures give employment to the men who raise flowers and to those whose labor contributes to the vanity of wealth. There are things in this world which we call the necessities of life; there are others which we call luxuries. People perhaps would not object so much to the display of luxuries and vanity if they had enough of the necessities of life. But when they suffer from an actual want of food; when they are cold in their homes and poorly clad, the exhibition of luxuries whose existence has no other excuse than that of vanity, they grow discontented, and class spirit springs up, and intense hatreds result.

Classification of Society.—The classification of society is contrary to the spirit of Christ and his teachings. Social classification destroys the brotherhood of man and when classification is built upon influences in wealth, it results in social enmities that become very bitter. They destroy the peace of mind and the peace of the world. There is a spirit in all life; there is the spirit of the individual; there is the spirit of the community; and there is the spirit of the nation. As a result of these differences we have individual strife, we have community quarrels, and national wars. What we are witnessing today is in large measure the result of an attempted classification by which one nation would make itself superior, and therefore offensive, to all other nations. Vanity is not merely a harmless sentiment of the human kind. Vanity carries with it an ambition—not simply an ambition to be better than others, but an ambition to domineer over others. It creates an indifference to other people's suffering, and thus enmity between man and man grows.

The Corrections.—The abuses of class distinction manifest themselves in the grossest injustices of man to man. They become oppressive and human life suffers very greatly from them. As a rule, the process of correction of these wrongs has been by means of wars, famines, pestilences, and such calamities as have reduced the world to a common physical equality. There is, however, a means of correction—a peaceful means. Such peaceful means are found in the teachings of the gospel. The religious institutions of the Latter-day Saints are all intended to establish a feeling of brotherhood, a spirit of humility and a condition that makes for brotherly love and universal good-will. If men and women performed their duties in the Church as they are prescribed for them, social classes would be quite impossible. Those who flaunt their social life before the public, who strive for class distinction, as a rule are not those who are laboring faithfully in some of the religious organizations of the ward to which they belong. It was no-

toriously the work of the ministry of Christ and his disciples to establish social equality; for social inequality, if it is not always a cause of certain immoralities, is certainly in danger of creating them. Whatever poisons the human mind in its relationship to the children of God begets conditions that in time become highly immoral.

Revelation.—"Nevertheless, in your temporal things you shall be equal, and this not grudgingly, otherwise the abundance of the manifestations of the Spirit shall be withheld" (Doc. and Cov. 70:14).

XII.—The Future of the Holy Land

Conquest of the Holy Land.—One of the great changes which present conditions are likely to bring about is the restoration of the Holy Land. The British army is on its border to the South and fighting near Gaza. It has been there for some months without making any headway. It may perhaps be postponing a further drive in order to build a railway to bring up supplies from Port Said in Egypt, and it may be that the abandonment of a further drive in Macedonia is the result of a plan to shift the troops to the Palestine front. The collapse of Russia suspended all movements in Asia, but there seems to be a set determination not to abandon the advance on Palestine. The whole Christian world is looking with joyful anticipation to the day when the soil of that country shall be free from the blight of Turkish rule. To the Latter-day Saints the day of its restoration is a divine promise. An invading army would not need to fight its way up through the mountains of Judea. It could pursue its course along the Mediterranean littoral through the valley of the Sharon to Mt. Carmel, and then around the Bay of Acre, thus following the route taken by the Crusaders. From the Bay of Acre it could cross the valley of the Esdraelon, down into the valley of the Jordan, and make a retreat of the Turks across the Jordan eastward necessary. What would happen to Palestine, once it was wrested from the Mohammedans? To whom would it belong? Russian ambitions to take it have not disappeared. No other country has any ambition for its possession. Great Britain would prefer to see it a buffer state to Egypt. The efforts already made by the Jews to reclaim it would make them the logical candidates for its possession. It is said that there are already about 100,000 Jews in this country. They have about 15,000 engaged in agricultural pursuits. The Zionist movement has been accumulating strength for a number of years. No extensive efforts have been made because of the opposition of the Turkish government to the settlement of that people in the land. The great uncertainty of what the Turks would do has made a pronounced movement unpopular among leading Jews of wealth.

A Waste Country.—The country lies in a state of waste, and its reclamation would be the work of pioneers. It is a desert. The great inflow of wealth which would be possible would lead to its rapid recovery. It is primarily a problem of irrigation which would make the land blossom as the rose. Today the colonists there are raising green grapes, almonds, and oranges. Grapes are grown in the valley of the Sharon without irrigation. They are of superior quality and have a good market. A grape grower once told me that if he could get half a cent a pound for his crop in the field he would do well. The Sharon valley is cultivated only in spots. Irrigation can be carried on only on a very limited scale. The mountains of Judea have been denuded of their forests, and the streams as a consequence have dried up. Reforestation would be one of the first things undertaken in the reclamation of the land. That would require years in the mountains, but the valleys under irrigation would respond rapidly to all vegetable growth.

Water systems could be quickly established, and the valleys made habitable. There are two great valleys in Palestine, the Jordan and the

Sharon. The former could be redeemed by an irrigation system from the sea of Galilee. If the waters of that sea should be found too brackish, water might be brought from the Mountains of Moab, east of the river. Small streams run from them into the Jordan. There are numerous reservoir sites where water might be impounded and brought by pipe line across the Jordan on to the highest points of the valley. It is an excessively hot district, the hottest of the whole land; but not worse than Egypt. Near by are the mountains of Judea, to which the people might go after the harvest season. Semi-tropical fruits would grow there in abundance. It might also be made one of the finest winter resorts in the world.

Opportunities.—It would no doubt be the ambition of the Jews to secure the great table lands of the Moab where there are fine pastures and abundant opportunities for growing grain. The Dead sea would doubtless become a favorable bathing resort. Its water are about the same density as those of the Great Salt Lake. The Jordan Valley might be made, without very great expense, a paradise, and no doubt there would be opened from New York a direct steamship line for Jafa, the seaport leading up to Jerusalem. Jerusalem, as it exists today, would have to be completely razed to the ground, except, of course, the most sacred places. Reservoirs and pumping systems could be installed to supply the city with water. The valley of the Sharon is much larger than the Jordan. In the south it is fully forty or fifty miles wide. The first work in redeeming its waste land would be a system of reservoirs. There are some artesian wells. The underground water is near the surface, and now pumped by means of cattle for the orange groves. An excellent place for electric plants would be the Jordan valley. Electricity might easily be carried over the low mountains of Judea to the Sharon valley, and water pumping systems established there much as they are in parts of Arizona.

The Present Worth.—Palestine is, if we except Arabia, the most worthless part of the Turkish empire, from an economic point of view. Few people could exist there were it not for a place of pilgrimage. In the past, men undertaking to exploit foreign countries, have had their attention called to the wonderful possibilities of the Holy Land. Some have invested there without accomplishing their objects. Its inducements are many, but the Turks have discouraged all enterprises in the country. If the wealth of the Jews were poured into it, it would undoubtedly become one of the most beautiful and attractive spots of earth. They have a race pride that would induce them to make the land of their forefathers as near a paradise as possible. Already about \$25,000,000 has been expended by the agricultural population.

Present Conditions.—The commercial prospects of the country will be greatly enhanced by the construction of railroads connecting Europe, Asia, and Africa. Already there has been constructed a railroad most of the way between Constantinople and Bagdad by the Germans. It runs much to the north of the Holy Land. Out from it branch lines have been constructed. The one running to Damascus is connected by the Haifa road in the northern part of Palestine on the Mediterranean. It opens the rich valley of the Easdraelon, and connects it with the uplands of Moab. A railway runs up from Jafa to Jerusalem for the accommodation of the pilgrims. Just before the outbreak of the war another road was begun, going down from Jerusalem to Port Said, where it would connect with the line running to Cairo. The English were carrying out the plan of Rhodes to construct a line from Cairo to Capetown; but the Germans objected to a right-of-way over their territory in East Africa. They saw its strategic value to the English, and planning a war of conquest many years ago, they determined

to balk the plans of Great Britain in the construction of this through road which would have connected also Jerusalem with Capetown.

The commerce of Palestine on the Mediterranean has been greatly handicapped from lack of suitable harbors. There are really only two, one at Jafa, the other in the Bay of Acre at Haifa. At both, the ships must anchor a considerable distance from the shore and send their merchandise and passengers by small boats. Large and expensive piers would be necessary to overcome this difficulty. Such improvements the Turks have been unable to make, and then the inland traffic did not justify it.

Jews Now in Palestine.—The Jews are really adepts in the use of mechanical tools, and have a monopoly of the carpentry and cabinet work of the country.

More than four fifths of the Jews now in Palestine practically live from the alms sent them by their richer brethren in foreign lands. They are there from religious motives. Some have taken money with them sufficient to eke out an existence. They were always in a poverty-stricken condition. Their condition now must be pitiful. They are greatly given to lamentations, and seem to have an idea that Jehovah will aid them through the exercise of their prayers and suffering. In the future they would really be a bar to the material development of the country. Those who first began agricultural life in Palestine were at a disadvantage because of the habits of life in the countries from which they came. They greatly exaggerated their ability to make money out of the Fellaheen or native laborers. The aspect of the early Jewish colonies was not a very thrifty one. So far as known, there is no coal or iron in the country to justify the hope of manufacture there. Fruits, grain, and live stock would provide the chief employments.

Jewish children learn easily and readily to adapt themselves to new environments and a variety of work and study. One has been led to wonder what the language of the country would be. Fully twenty languages are spoken in Jerusalem. But what language will the Jews adopt? They come from different nations of the earth. Most of them speak Yiddish, "a spoiled German." Here is what Mossinsohn has to say on the subject of schools in the Holy Land:

"With the growth of the population and its approximation to human life, the need for public education began to make itself felt, and the Zionist organization undertook the establishment and support of a complete system of public and high schools, in which the language of the instruction is Hebrew. Every Jewish settlement was provided with a kindergarten and elementary schools, and high schools were established. Hebrew thus became a living tongue once more. Even in America, Yiddish-speaking parents have found it necessary to master Hebrew in order that they may be able to keep in spiritual touch with their children. Only in Palestine the parents, loving the new old-tongue, are mastering it as completely as the children for whom it is the only language—the language of play, of study, of romance, of ambition, of life itself. Before the war there were plans for a Jewish university. We now have the curious innovation of the Hebrew language printed above shops and business places of Arabs and other nationalities. The Arab is the principal language of Palestine today. There are very few Turks in the country. They are the government officials. How much of the modern Hebrew the ancient Jews would understand is questionable. It is certain that modern Hebrew will have to incorporate a large number of words from foreign languages to meet the progress of life in art and science. The Jews learn foreign languages rapidly. In

their scattered condition they have been compelled to speak a variety of tongues so that their children have inherited a linguistic genius."

A general Jewish movement to the Holy Land would have a marked social and business effect on many leading nations of the world. It is not easy to compute the enormous control exercised by this race in the United States. Clothing, railroads, and manufactures are rapidly falling into their control. Their genius for trade is known the world over. They are without doubt the most tenacious race in the world today. What other people could have withstood the shifting conditions of life as they have withstood them? They are truly a "peculiar people."

Since the above was written Jerusalem has fallen into the hands of the British (See *Improvement Era*, January, 1918, pp. 254, 259).

Revelation.—"And this I have told you concerning Jerusalem, and when the day shall come, shall a remnant be scattered among all nations;

"But they shall be gathered again, but they shall remain until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

"And in that day shall be heard of wars and rumors of wars, and the whole earth shall be in commotion, and men's hearts shall fail them, and they shall say that Christ delayeth his coming until the end of the earth.

"And the love of men shall wax cold, and iniquity shall abound" (Doc. and Cov. 45:24-27).

Key to John's Revelation.—What is to be understood by the two witnesses, in the eleventh chapter of Revelation? A. They are two prophets that are to be raised up to the Jewish nation in the last days, at the time of the restoration, and to prophesy to the Jews, after they are gathered, and build the city of Jerusalem, in the land of their fathers (Doc. and Cov. 77:15).

XIII.—*The Reaction of War Weapons on Civil Life*

History.—It has sometimes been estimated that the destruction to human life through the invention of gunpowder has been greater in peace than in war. Certain it is that the implements and forces of human destruction which war invents and perfects have always been a striking menace to social life in times of peace.

War engenders a spirit of reckless hatred which manifests itself long after the battle-fields are silent. Men, during wars of long duration, become accustomed to its horrors. They look upon death with a spirit of indifference. Battle-fields become the source of desperation and a reckless despair. The wrongs, the sufferings of war make men often willing to continue its horrors when the struggle has ceased. Often, too, the contest of wars brings about such conditions of unhappiness, of want and misery that men become free-booters and plunderers because, they argue, society is dealing unjustly with them. The present war has developed, to a marvelous state of efficiency, two engines of human destruction with which the world may hereafter be compelled to combat. They are the airplane and the submarine.

Possibilities.—It does not require a very vivid imagination to picture what the airplane might do in its lawless course of plundering and human destruction. If the hatred of the battlefield is supplanted by social hatreds, it is not difficult to imagine that an unlawful career by aviators may be developed in such a way as to threaten social destruction. It is already difficult to police the land in the cities and counties of our country. Murders, thefts, and wholesale robberies have been altogether too common in times of peace. Our industrial machinery is a most complicated affair, and it is so highly wrought that any destruction of it or any disturbance even in its

workings may cause vast losses to property and great human destruction.

Let us take, for example, from among the vast number of aviators whom we shall train, the few that may become desperate and unscrupulous in the exercise of the powers at their command. It will be conceded that the opportunities of escape from criminal action will find in the airplane the greatest possible aid. Its mechanism has become so perfected that the aircraft may be able to carry a considerable load of plunder. In comparison with it, the automobile, which has been used for all sorts of depredations, is insignificant. The great future danger, however, of the aircrafts, will be more in the direction of social warfare. The relations of capital and labor are growing daily more alarming. When it reaches a certain point, it becomes an explosive, and manifests itself in all sorts of violence. Great manufacturing plants and property of all kinds might be suddenly destroyed by dropping bombs from the aerial regions. We are compelled, therefore, to ask ourselves some very serious questions. Shall we be able efficiently to police the upper regions? If not, what protection shall be enjoyed against the dangers that the airplanes have the power to bring about in times of peace?

Coming Events.—It may be said that the suggestions here condemned are mere possibilities. But possibilities usually shape themselves on to a working basis. First men conceive the possibility of some scheme, even though it be malevolent; then conditions arise to make the possible the probable;—the next step is the reality. The old Scotch Bard very truthfully and historically says that "Coming events cast their shadows before."

In past ages the world in times of peace has been made to suffer from free-booters whose piracy on the oceans has made man and money their prey in the illegal warfare which they have waged upon the oceans. History records the reign of terror instituted upon the oceans by such characters as Edward England, Fortunatus Wright, and Captain Kidd. These buccaneers were the terror of the Middle Ages. Civilization was advanced, and they were driven from their criminal life, and the seas made safe from their depredations. They ceased only when civilized powers were able, by united effort, to drive them away from their unlawful careers.

The civilized nations have invented a new danger. It will have to be fought in the future as the old dangers were fought and destroyed in the past. We know something, if only a little, of the wonderful advancement of the under-sea boats, and the havoc they have wrought in times of war. They are now so constructed that they are like a modern ship, and have from 800 to 1,000 tons displacement; the largest measure from 213 to 230 feet in length; they are driven by enormous engines of 7,000 and 8,000 horse-power, and carry great 19½-inch torpedoes. If they are made to withstand the attacks made upon them in the war, what a wonderful power they will have for destruction in times of peace!

Illustration.—That one may know that the contemplation of dangers here enumerated is giving rise to serious speculations, I quote somewhat at length from the *Calgary Herald*, November 10, 1917:

"While German submarine commanders are testing and discovering the virtually unlimited possibilities of the U-boat, there are indications that the groundwork is being laid for a period of piracy after the war. Surely, these commanders are glimpsing the ease with which they could prey upon the world's shipping and make rich hauls in gold and merchandise.

"I maintain that it would be very simple for a German submarine commander privately to carry on piracy for a considerable period without knowledge of his government. It must be remembered that

the crew on a submarine craft is necessarily very small. That makes but few to share a secret. By appealing to their cupidity and their already well-developed spirit of lawlessness, a submarine commander would have little difficulty in winning over his crew to a scheme to enrich themselves at the expense of the world's shipping.

"Let us say, for example, that a submarine commander learns of the sailing of an American steamship to England with a cargo of gold. How simple it would be for the submarine to attack that ship at some favorable point on the ocean and make a getaway with a large portion of the specie. How could it be possible to trace the pirates? I think you will agree it would be difficult.

"Then, again, there are the submarine commanders who will likely break away from their government and boldly enter the game of piracy. For instance, when a U-boat does not return to its government base, officials of the government will likely conjecture that the craft has been lost at sea. The missing U-boat can select a base on some isolated island or coast and operate for a considerable period without discovery. After two or three good hauls the commander and crew could well afford to sink the craft to the bed of the ocean, divide the booty and scatter to far lands and live forever in plenty.

"Although these are only conjectures, they are likely to be realized in the near future in a manner that is calculated to jolt civilization. It will be a great boon to the civilized world if American genius in the near future discovers an antidote for the U-boat."

Deadly Gases.—Among other dangerous inventions of the present war, the production of deadly gases for military purposes may be made in times of peace a source of human destruction which the hatreds of the present war are likely to encourage. Where secrecy in crime is required, the poisonous gases may have the most baneful effects. It is easy to imagine that in times of strikes, manufacturing plants may be made wholly useless from the dangers which these gases would create when secretly circulated throughout the buildings. It is the testimony of history that crime has been fostered by means of those devices which war has created. What gases may do is perhaps best explained by Howard J. Allen. Writing for the *New York Tribune* from Paris, he says, in the issue of that paper of October 7, 1917:

"Of all the unspeakable cruelties of this war the gas is probably the most inhuman manifestation. Both sides are using it with growing efficiency. You never know when you are to encounter it in some terrible and heretofore unknown form.

"One new wrinkle invented by the Germans is called 'mustard gas' by our soldiers. While it cannot get behind the mask, it is so strong that it permeates the clothing. Whenever a man's body becomes moist from perspiration or rain the gas attacks him and burns off his skin.

"The British have made a gas the purpose of which is to compel the enemy to remove his mask. It is a powerful emetic gas. It afflicts the Germans with nausea, so that they cannot keep their mouths covered. If they uncover their faces for six seconds the amount of inhalation is fatal. They die at once, or, as is sometimes the case, twenty-four hours later from heart disease. We are told that the Germans declare the use of this gas unfair on the part of the British. Men laugh when they tell it."

Revelation.—"Mine indignation is soon to be poured out without measure upon all nations, and this: I will do when the cup of their iniquity is full" (Doc. and Cov. 101:11).

XIV—Intemperance

Prohibition.—Temperance is more than a code of laws which we call prohibition. It is a duty we owe to our God, our families; a duty to become our brothers' keepers. The world has become greatly alarmed over the degeneracy of manhood and over the increased allurements to womanhood through drink. The banker found it an insidious enemy. The manufacturer bewailed the inefficiency of those who through drink obstructed his progress. It became more and more a great economic question. Through it the stability of business life was broken. As long as it had apparently no other evil than the destruction of the home, the hunger of children, the broken hearts of wives and mothers, the world tolerated it beyond belief. It was a sordid world and material gains outweighed spiritual values.

Once it touched business and laid its hands violently upon commercial life men of affairs rose up in antagonism to it, and yet all the arguments of dollars and cents were weak compared with the destruction it wrought in the moral and spiritual life of the world. The argument of business was that drink cost the United States six billion dollars every year. Men of science declared that two drinks a day would slow down the energy of the brain from eight to twenty per cent.

Increase of Vice.—We have introduced prohibition in many of the states of the Union. Will that produce temperance? It will help, but it will take time. There will be arguments against it, and statistics brought to prove the arguments and to prove the prosperity of the nation by what people can afford for drink. The following comes from the New York *Sun* of September 5, 1917:

"Despite the high cost of living the people of the United States consumed 26,000,000 gallons more of distilled spirits in the fiscal year ending June 30th last than in the year before.

"They needed for their comfort 879,180,583 more cigars and 9,440,000,000 more cigarettes—the latter increase being ascribed by the ungallant internal revenue bureau to the increase of cigarette smoking among women. We refuse to accept the explanation.

"Chewing and smoking consumption increased by 28,500,000 pounds. Snuff,—where it is used,—went up 2,200,000 pounds.

"Washington officials point to this record of increasing expenditures for luxuries as an evidence of great prosperity. Perhaps it is. But it is a poor promise for future prosperity. The spectacle of a nation clamorous against the increased price of food and of every necessary of life increasing its annual expenditures for liquor and tobacco by millions is not very inspiring."

Downward Movement.—Nothing proves more strikingly the rapid slide downward which the social life of our nation is taking. Can it be stopped? What can stop it? Such a showing illustrates the fallacy of merely applying a legal remedy, and then awaiting complacently the coming millennium. Law is not the great remedy for vice. Law hits more forcefully at crimes—the grosser crimes along whose mountain sides lie the rolling hills of vice. But law can help. And it must be helped, or it will fail. It is perhaps one of the greatest objections to law that it lures men into the belief that nothing more is needed of them. Let the law take its course, is the fallacy of self-contented failure. Law requires, when it deals with vice, the aid of public opinion and individual effort. It is sustained effort that carries great reforms on to victory. It is to him who endures to the

end. One of the greatest dangers in the prohibition movement of the world today is the false argument of a victory won. Victory is not won, it is merely a promise. To make laws successful in questions of vice (I make a clear distinction between vice and crime), there must not only be a strong, but a lasting public will. Any reaction invites defeat. Why does law against vice often fail so lamentably? The masses are prone to one vice or another. Men will excuse their own and tolerate kindred vices. Crimes are more loathsome, and are the practices of the comparatively few. In matters of vice it will not do to watch and wait.

Kindred Vices.—It may be well to note that vices are multiplying. Our forefathers would be appalled today at the sight of the great brood of vices which were wholly unknown in their day. They had evils to be sure, plenty of them, all they could endure. Vice has its fashions and many of them change annually; it is the fashion of fashions to change. It is not primarily a question of art with fashion. When it wins a certain following, it marches on to universality. Vice is in a high degree a fashion, not in its dress, but in its kinship to dress. Dress and vice in all ages have had striking resemblances. It was so in ancient times. Fashion, drink, and sexual sin have always been the three graces of the underworld.

It is difficult to single out one vice and push it away from all its relations of cousins, aunts, and nieces. Sooner or later they will meet. Liquor is simply one of many vices. It is hard to banish when its pals are allowed to stay. To make prohibition fulfil its mission there must come into action a concerted movement against the kindred evils of the one it seeks to abolish. Temperance is what the world needs to correct the monstrous evil of drink. It is temperance in thought and action; temperance in high and low places; temperance in language and motives; temperance in fashion and pleasure; temperance in all the walks of daily life. It is reported of President Smith that when he was once asked his attitude on prohibition that he declared himself for temperance, that which corrects a multitude of evils, and prevents drink. Without temperance, prohibition must fight single handed. Drink is the companion of hilarity, frivolity, lascivious dress and immorality. The battle to victory must be along the whole line. If one only is attacked and driven back the others begin a flanking movement that lead sooner or later to the defeat of those who rush on to the attack of the enemy in one place. We hope and pray that prohibition may be a complete antidote for the evil of drink; but it must be supported by the spirit of temperance. The card table, the pool room, and excessive pleasures are all companions of drink. When drink is ordered out, her devoted friends will by sinister ways invite her return. We warn, we admonish and expound the doctrine of temperance. The tide of a dissipated age is rolling up against us. Shall we brace and hold ourselves against it; or shall we yield and falsely comfort ourselves that it is moving shoreward; that we must go with the tide; that it is folly to move against it; that in Rome we must do as Rome does? There was in that ancient capital a body of devoted and despised people, the early Christians, that did not do as Rome did. But they paid the penalty, the cynic says. Suffering was not a penalty; it developed in them the power of redemption. Their good works survived, and out of them a new world sprang up, a new civilization was born, a new promise fulfilled. But other tides of life came in the recurring events of the nations. The old dies and the new is born. There is always a struggle between life and death. Intemperance has always been a potent sign of decay. It stalks in the world today; it is everywhere; it knocks at the door of the Saints, and would delight them with the sweet intonations of its voice. Temperance, that is the key-note of safety.

Dangers of Excesses.—Rivalry is the spirit of the age. Rivalry means excess; excess, intemperance. Who can have the best time is the ambition

of youth. Seekers after a good time vie with one another in dress, in social pastimes, and in all kinds of physical excesses. We are reminded that we eat too much, as well as drink too much, that we eat the wrong kind of food, that we are extravagant beyond all reason. Men build big houses which they do not need; they waste time and money in joy rides; and they seek opportunity to display wealth that does not really belong to them. Debt is the fashion of the age. It is overwhelming the permanency of commercial life. Everywhere in life the laws of temperance are violated, if not positively outraged. He who stands for temperance is a benefactor to his people and his race.

As Rome Does.—And what is the argument in favor of all this life of intemperance? It is the old fallacy of "living in Rome." Tides are always shattered at the shore; the break waters of life do not fall down from heaven to stop the rolling tide. They are made foot by foot, inch by inch. Little by little the forces of resistance are built up. We may not destroy the tide, but we may break, if we will, much of the power of its destruction. Here a man and there a woman braced in force against the evils of the day may dissipate many of them. As resistance grows, evils scatter. They may go on, but every fracture in them lessens the power of their destruction. The priesthood, for whom these words are written, stand to the front as a resisting force to the evils of the age.

Remedy.—An eminent U. S. Senator was asked if the treatment he received at the Battle Creek Sanitarium had helped him. He replied that it had; but that a "Mormon" might have told him all that he got there in three words—"Word of Wisdom" (Read Sec. 89, Doc. and Cov.).

God's Gift—a Mother

When sunshine bathes the purple hills,
 Full many a truant, golden beam
 Will steal down through the alder frills
 And twinkle in the mountain stream:
 So smiles oft bathe the countenance
 Of one I love and idolize,
 They steal into her loving heart
 And twinkle in her kindly eyes.

As fleecy clouds sail high above,
 When summer-time is on the wane,
 I watch the shadows as they move
 Across the fields of rip'ning grain,
 And think of that sweet, wrinkled face,
 Beneath a crown of silver hair,
 O'er which the shadows often chase,
 Caused by some drifting cloud of care.

Thus light and shadow deftly blend
 Within the soul God gave to be
 My mother, counselor, and friend,
 On earth and through eternity.

Denver, Colo.

Samuel H. Fletcher.

Thoughts of a Farmer

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

XIII—Caught in the Horse Stall

One evening after the day's work, I heard a moan and a call for help from a distant stall where one of my men was unharnessing one of his teams. I rushed from my work to discover the trouble. Between the partition of the stall and a large horse, a man, "Shortie," as we called him, was being almost squeezed to death. After rescuing him I wanted to know the cause of his plight.

"Well, the horse would not stand over when I told him to, and I used this stick on him. He crowded in on me, and pinned me against the partition," came the reply from an almost exhausted breath.

Horses have a sense of self-preservation. They do not always move quickly in response to a command. It takes time for a horse to understand, and Shortie was too impatient to await the delayed movement. The horse was tied, and next to him in the same stall stood another horse. His situation was also critical, but his horse sense, or instinct, if you please to give it that name, taught him that the closer he was to the stick the less it hurt him. It is a rule of the stable that horses shall not be punished in their stalls. They not only break things, but their dispositions are greatly aggravated by such punishment. Orders, however, don't count for much when men are mad; and madness, when created by impatience, is generally of a violent type.

Shortie was badly hurt, and dragged himself into a corner where he lay down.

How often in life impatience leads men into such unequal contests as to make their defeat certain! No worse fault exists in dealing with horses, than the disposition to act under the influence of impatience and the anger it begets. The power of patience is lost, and the horse sooner or later gets the upper hand.

Why do men invite a contest, when the odds are against them? A contest often settles down to a squeezing process in which men find themselves against an immovable obstacle, and pressed by forces they cannot hope to escape. There are forces in life—social, economic, and physical, that surround all life. Their pressure almost stifles the life of man. Many such forces are apparently unavoidable, but they exist everywhere. To ag-

gravate such pressure is the height of folly. If impatience invites the pressure from which men suffer, it would seem to follow that the exercise of patience is the best of remedies. This is an age of haste which invites all sorts of evils. All nature is regular, methodical, and constant. The farther men remove themselves from an orderly life, the greater the troubles which they bring upon themselves. Pressure, painful pressure, in all its forms, is perhaps the greatest source of irritation and suffering in the world today. It is often unconsciously imposed. In the financial world, the pressure with which people are afflicted is often more agonizing than bodily damages from which they suffer. Many a man in his financial distress is compelled to shorten his breath, and many creep off in a corner where they suffer and sometimes die.

When "pressure is brought to bear" to force some particular conduct in life, men should see that it does not become dangerous by reason of their inability to retreat, or to escape a partition in the stall which is likely to encompass them! If Shortie had taken time to consider the risk of his position, he would not have been caught. Like others, he did not stop to think; he left no means of escape. The pressure from which men suffer in life would be much less harmful, if they were careful to prepare some means of escape. Ability to retreat is good tactics in the ordinary conditions of life, even as it is in war.

Our Flag

(Selected)


The Red, the White, the Blue,
 Our flag, Red, White, and Blue,
 To thee, fair Flag, we are, and always will be true.
 Through all our days
 To thee
 The loyalty that's due
 We'll pay eternally,
 Our flag, Red, White, and Blue,
 Our treasured banner fair, the Red, the White, the Blue.

In all the changing years,
 Befraught with hopes and fears,
 No stain upon thy glorious field appears;
 Ah! dear Red, White, and Blue,
 Our loved Red, White, and Blue,
 To thee, fair flag, we are and always will be true.
 Time only brought

 To thee
 A fame that fairer grew
 With each new century.
 Old flag, Red, White, and Blue,
 The flag of freedom's cause, the Red, the White, the Blue.

D. R. O'Brien.

EDITORS' TABLE



Third Liberty Loan

The campaign for the third Liberty Loan begins April 6. A new anthem has been composed and dedicated to the success of this third appeal of Uncle Sam for funds. It is designed for use throughout the country. Let it be read and sung everywhere. The music is by Mrs. George Barton French, and the words by Charles W. Gordon:

Heaven sent Liberty, our nation's pride,
Our fathers fought for thee, fought, bled and died;
Then was our flag unfurled, emblem sublime,
A light unto the world through endless time.

Our watchword still shall be, "In God we trust,"
Striving that all may see our cause is just,
We fight for Liberty and shall not cease
Till freedom's victory brings lasting peace.

Now in our Allies' land, breasting war's tide,
Our sons march hand in hand, God is their guide.
Once more we hear the call, "Keep the world free;"
Rise! Rise! and give your all for Liberty.

The Old and the New

To receive attention in these days, all things must have up-to-dateness about them. Even if old and standard thoughts are presented, they must be dressed in the latest fashion to command respect. In nothing does this apply with greater force than in matters educational. New and catchy methods are adopted to impress the youth with old ideas, and the process is sought to be made as easy as possible for the student.

We read stories of hundreds of pages to get an idea that might be obtained in a few sentences. The object of the story is that the thought may be absorbed with interest and ease, so that the reader may have it impressed without over-exertion on his part. Some one has truly said that a classical author is one that everybody talks about, and that nobody reads. His sedate and dignified thoughts are therefore amplified, and doled out

in homeopathic doses in a flood of modern books. It is a sad comment.

The good old standard methods of teaching religion which made it imperative that the student should dig out of the plain and unsugared books of scripture, simple in themselves, the truths of the gospel, are often supplanted by what is considered easier ways, either through listening to stories or lectures, or having outlines provided in which the doctrine is made convenient and easy, and the student is freed from mental exertion as far as possible. Every one must recognize the value of system and interest. Without them, teaching is almost in vain. But these alone are not sufficient. The individual must think and act for himself. No deep impression can come to any person's mind when that person is not willing to command his mind itself to struggle.

Youth must go back to original sources for inspiration, and be willing to search for the truths and experiences of the past, if they are to be thinkers and wise men of action, and not alone mere listeners and absorbers. Fads in new literature come and go, but the dignified words of the holy scriptures and other standard works, prized and handed down through ages to us, have a special value when we study them for ourselves and make their truths our own. When we discard this method for seemingly easier ones, we do so at a great loss to ourselves.

As the flood of new books and methods come to attract our interest, let us take advantage of them, of course, as far as consistent; but let us also remember to cling closer to the thought that as students and teachers we must do our share of work and not discard truth because it is dressed in old clothes. We must seek original sources, and learn largely to interest and instruct ourselves by personal effort and also by prayer and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. This applies especially to the study of the gospel and to obtaining a knowledge and testimony of the great Latter-day work in which we are engaged.

President Joseph F. Smith wrote recently, in referring to new methods from here and there relating to educational matters: "I may be a little skeptical in regard to some new fangled ideas; and, perhaps without good cause, I doubt the propriety of applying them in our organizations. I sometimes fear that we are in danger of encumbering the Church organizations with too many forms and rules which may put on the shape and hindrance resulting from too much red tape. The spirit and principles of the gospel are very simple and direct, and are seldom improved by extraordinary methods and rules which men may adopt for their promulgation or induction."

So, while we should not despise new books, new methods, new ideas, they should be thoroughly proved before being

adopted. Furthermore, knowledge does not come by hearing and interest alone, but by diligent application to study and meritorious conduct. Let it ever be remembered that we will not gain by abandoning the old, tested, tried and valuable books, authors, and methods, for untried substitutes, though popular for the passing day. This applies especially to the fundamental truths of the gospel which, while old, are ever new,—the same yesterday, today, and forever.

United States Boys' Working Reserve

This is a new army to help win the war. There will be no conscripts in the United States Boys' Working Reserve, only volunteers. All American youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one who are engaged in productive and non-productive activities are to be volunteers for enlistment.

On Monday, March 18, a "drive" was begun in every state of the Union to enlist these boys in a great non-military army as workers in farming and in other necessary industries. It is a great opportunity for the boys. It is an earnest call to patriotic service. Our country needs man power to raise food, to build ships, help in machine shops, textile mills, canning factories, and in other industries the output of which is necessary to keep our men at the front and in training supplied with food and war material. This army of boys between sixteen and twenty-one can fill those vacant places and so do a man's work for their country. The boy who wishes to enlist will ask his teacher who will put him in touch with the nearest enrolling officer. Here he will be given a card upon which he gives his age, weight, height, and the service he thinks he is best fitted to perform. Having then received the consent of his parents, and passed the physical examination, he is required to subscribe to the oath of service, pledges himself to stand by the Constitution of the United States, and faithfully perform any duty to which he may be assigned.

Such duty may be farm work, or in a canning factory, or manufacturing plant. But wherever it may be, he will have a director to advise him, and to help him in case of need. He will be assured of fair pay, good food, wholesome living conditions, reasonable working hours, and plenty of time for recreation. His duty must be performed under the most pleasant conditions; and he will probably live in camp with other boys of his own age and temper. He will be under moral obligation and no other to serve through the whole season or time agreed

upon. But with the consent of his parents, he may give up his badge and leave the service when he will. Love of country and a sense of honor are the only ties that bind him. Should he prove recreant to his oath only his conscience will punish him. There are few genuine American boys who will not hold out to the end.

The enlistment in Utah for agricultural services will be conducted under the general supervision of the state council of defense, with Mr. J. W. Watson, chairman of the special committee, in co-operation with the schools and organizations of the state, and under the direct leadership in counties of a committee consisting of the County Agent of the Utah Agricultural College, County Superintendent of Schools, Y. M. M. I. A. superintendents, and Y. M. C. A. leaders. Boys from twelve to sixteen in Utah may enroll and receive recognition in a junior boys working reserve by the state.

Wherever the Y. M. M. I. A. have organizations, they are urged to do their part in this work; and particularly is it desirable and important that our organization, as well as others in the Church, should take an earnest interest in the supervision of camps, and see that the boys are provided with healthful surroundings and proper moral environment.

Boys working for their parents on the farm are eligible for enrollment, and should avail themselves of this opportunity of receiving national recognition for their services.

Y. M. M. I. A. officers outside of Utah should correspond with their state councils of defense and co-operate with their state leaders, and have their boys enrolled as provided in their separate states.

Notes

The Red Cross Benefit

John McCormack, the celebrated Irish tenor, appeared in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on Thursday evening, March 14, in a benefit for the Red Cross. The occasion had been extensively advertised, and it was generally known that what money would be realized from the benefit would be given to the Red Cross, 25 per cent first to be retained for the benefit of the local Red Cross, and the remainder to go to the general organization. The total realized out of the concert was \$10,102.00 representing the net proceeds of the recital, no expense whatever being attached to the event. The committee stated that approximately seven thousand persons paid admission to the concert. McCormack

was at his best, the charm of the singer was intense, and the applause was most enthusiastic. He opened with a verse of the "Star Spangled Banner," and then followed with his regular program, except such pieces as were presented by him on encore. The rendition of "The Lost Chord" was so notable that it is difficult to imagine a musical combination that could surpass it; draw the picture: between seven and eight thousand people in the great tabernacle, John McCormack, the incomparable Irish tenor, "The Lost Chord," with our own McClelland at the great organ! The closing song was, "God Be With Our Boys Tonight Wherever They May Be." This his only war song took the people by storm. Thousands clapped their hands in rapturous applause while tears rolled down many a cheek in an Amen of heartfelt approval.

Priesthood Convention

The Weber stake of Zion held a priesthood convention at Ogden on Sunday, February 17. It was a notable gathering, and must have created great interest in priesthood work. Two meetings were held, the one at 10 a. m. being a department meeting, each of the six quorums meeting jointly for opening exercises, consisting of remarks, songs and music, and then in separate classes, where two speakers introduced two subjects which were then considered in each class. The topics were: "Relationship of Prophecy to Present day Events," and "The Fraternal Spirit in the Priesthood." The ward clerks also, met in a separate department. The discussions were lively, encouraging, and pertinent to those who listened and took part. To see eleven hundred devoted and earnest men in one religious gathering, is not only an unusual sight in the world, but a strong indication of a live activity in the work of the Lord, and the vitality of the gospel rightly applied. In the afternoon there was a large gathering in the stake tabernacle where the visiting speakers, who were members of the General Priesthood Committee, elaborated upon the topics under consideration. There was splendid music by the stake choir.

Having an annual priesthood convention is a good idea. It is worth a trial by other stakes.

Noted Anniversaries.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, the veteran president of the wonderful Relief Society organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, celebrated her 90th anniversary on February 28, just a week or two prior to the celebration of the 76th

anniversary of the organization itself. A reception was held in the Hotel Utah and hundreds of her close friends called to congratulate her. She is one of the most remarkable women in the world, and at her age stands with dignity and a clear brain as the recognized leader, under the Priesthood, of one of the greatest and the most useful and extraordinary woman's organizations in the world—notable in age, purpose and numbers. The *Era* joins with her thousands of friends and well-wishers in hearty congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, which really marks an important epoch in the history of the Relief Society, for she has been connected with the organization for close on to sixty years.

The Relief Society of the Church celebrated the 76th anniversary of its organization by the Prophet Joseph Smith on March 17, by special programs given in all the 800 or more wards of the Church that day. These exercises contained provision for presentation of the history and scope of the great organization. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, the veteran leader of the society, as well as the members of the General Board spoke in different wards of Salt Lake City. A number of leading speakers throughout the Church emphasized the accomplishments of the Relief Society along philanthropic lines and war work. The present enrollment is nearly 50,000 women.

Name Corrected

In the account of the hike of the descendants of the Mormon Battalion, found in the *Era*, for February, 1918, page 329, under the title Company D, the third line should read, "LaMar Barlow, Battery E, grandson of Henry W. Jackson, musician in company D," instead of "LaMar Barlow, Battery E, grandson of Wm. H. Jackson, musician in company D." The persons interested in this historical item have asked that the correction be made, and we cheerfully comply with their request, so that the reader may know that LaMar Barlow is the grandson of Henry W. Jackson and not of Wm. H. Jackson.

Messages from the Missions

Several Cases of Healing

For many years elders and lady missionaries have been working in the Indianapolis branch of the Northern States mission, but never before has there been such a bright outlook for success. We have almost a hundred Saints here now, and expect this year to add many more to that

number. In 1917 we baptized twenty-seven people, and they have been helping the missionaries in preaching the gospel. Our local Saints are anxious to go visiting with us, to help sing, pray, and in any other way aid in this great latter-day work. During the past summer we had many cases of healing, one woman who had been lame for three years was healed. She had faith that if she was baptized, the Lord would bless her. She was carried into the water, but after baptism walked out without the aid or use of her crutch. A small baby was immediately healed of cholera. Many instances too numerous to mention show that the Lord is helping us. We hope some day to have a building here, also a larger and better



branch. Elders and lady missionaries, left to right: O. E. Beckstrand, Meadow; Gertrude Collett, Roosevelt; President F. A. Rees, Coalville; Belva Cox, Fairview, and C. E. Schank, Salt Lake City. Absent from picture, R. L. Blain and Vloe B. Jackson.—*Fred A. Rees*, conference president.

New Branch Organized

A line or two from Cockle Creek, Newcastle branch, in New South Wales, Australia, may be of interest to the readers of the *Era*. This is a coal mining center and seaport town, with a population of about 100,000 people, situated nearly one hundred miles north of Sydney. This has always been a hard field on account of the indifference of the people to matters of religion; also a strong center of the "Reorganites," who have given bitter opposition at times. However, after eight months of determined effort, we were privileged to organize a branch of the Church here, several families uniting with the Church by baptism on the first Sunday of the New Year. We held meeting on the river's bank, after which the baptisms were performed, Elder James P. Clayton and C. H. Tingey officiating. Upon our return to the city, fast meeting was held at the home of Brother Walter J. Bailey and the new members confirmed. I have never before witnessed such an outpouring of the Spirit, all present bearing a faithful testimony of the gospel. Three children were

blessed. Much credit is due Bishop A. D. Miller (now mission president) and wife, Sister Mary J. Miller, who labored with me some two months in opening up this field. Upon Brother Miller's appointment to preside over the Australian mission, Elder C. H. Tingey was appointed from Sydney to this field, and recently Elders W. H. Dittmore and H. E. Miller were assigned to Newcastle. We have good, faithful workers and the branch will grow. All meetings are well attended, many earnest investigators will soon join, and we all feel to rejoice in the blessings and power of the Lord manifest in this field. I have been appointed to preside over the Queensland conference and leave the work and friends here with feelings that only those who have labored in the Lord's vineyard can appreciate. We all enjoy the *Era* and wish it every success.—James P. Clayton, Branch President.

Activities in Thames, New Zealand

Elder J. Milton Olsen, Thames, New Zealand, writes: Through the efforts put forth by the group of children whose picture is given herewith, under the direction of the eight older people, we have accomplished a great deal during 1917. In March of that year we staged a concert which was highly appreciated by the people. Through the concert we bought and paid for a new church organ, costing us \$125, of which the mission contributed \$25. In July of the same year, we appeared again with a concert, assisted this time by the Maori saints and friends of Kiri Kiri and Omahu. This success enabled us to purchase three dozen new chairs, costing \$65; and two new sacrament sets with individual cups. Again in De-



cember, we staged our best concert, rendering a program consisting of an operetta in three acts, under the direction of Elders Olsen and Demming, and a dialogue by the Sunday school teachers who are shown in the group of eight. We were assisted by the elders and Saints of Omahu and Kiri Kiri, and to whom we gave half of the proceeds for the new chapel, which is being built in Kiri Kiri, under the direction of President Lambert of this mission and Elder W. M. Moody, presiding elder



of the Hauraki district, among the natives. The mission is flourishing, and much has been accomplished in building new chapels. The tithing has been greatly increased and much prejudice has been allayed. The eight older people who directed the group of young people are, left to right: Willie Hoffman, Sophia Hoffman, Ivie Billman, Alma Fisher, Sidney Ensor. Front: Earl Demming, Idaho Falls; William Payne, branch president; J. Milton Olsen, Emery, Utah, conference president.

Winter Work in the Northern States Mission

"Winter ordinarily means a slowing up, if not a partial cessation of missionary work in the north countries. Not so with the Northern States mission this year. Strange as it may seem the elders of several conferences have been doing winter country work all during the bitter weather with splendid results. Churches, school houses and other halls have been thrown open to them in every quarter, people coming from miles around and willingly furnished light and fuel, to hear the religion which would cause ministers to give up their usual life of ease, and brave chilblains and frozen ears. The farmers are less busy and have more time to talk than in the summer time. Summer country work has usually been planned about the time when farmers were most busy, consequently many people who would gladly have listened to our message felt that they did not have time to entertain the elders and were, in some cases, offended that men should be thus spending their time when they needed farm hands so badly. The last two months of bitter cold weather show 2677 books of Mormon distributed, and 33 baptisms. We say, long live winter country work, may it become a permanent institution with us."—*Edgar Everton, Secretary.*

Cold Water Baptism

One of the most beautiful baptismal services ever witnessed in Michigan was held at the Detroit river on Sunday morning, February 3, this year. The Saints and friends of Detroit branch assembled in a little navy cabin on the banks of the river and there, while huddled around a small stove fire, sang songs of Zion and offered up prayers of rejoicing to the Almighty. Elder Ellwin Ellsworth and Elder Samuel G. Clawson gave spirited testimonies concerning the necessity of baptism and the divine mis-

sion of the Prophet Joseph Smith. After the speaking was concluded, all present proceeded to the neighborhood of a hole which had been cut in the river through twenty inches of ice. Here, with a frosty wind blowing, and the temperature below zero, Grady Purtee, a recent convert, was baptized. Elder John A. Coyne officiated in the ordinance. The service was brought to a close in the navy cabin by song and prayer. All present felt the Spirit of the Lord in rich abundance and the faith of the two men participating in the baptism was such that no ill effects followed the icy immersion. The convert was confirmed in the afternoon testimony meeting and bore a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel.—*S. G. Clawson.*

A Prophetic Blessing

President J. Le Roy Anderson of Rutland, Vermont, writes, March 7: "At the dismissal of the afternoon session of the semi-annual conference held in Barre, Vermont, January 16, 1916, Dr. James E. Talmage pronounced the benediction. During prayer he invoked the blessings of the Lord upon the elders, Saints, and friends. He predicted that many of the people of Barre would be led to see the truths of the gospel. He also said that not only would the people of Barre receive these blessings, but they would extend to the people of the entire state of Vermont. He said that the birth state of the prophet would flourish and become a shining light among the other states. There were about thirty people present at this meeting, most all of them being Saints. The recent semi-annual conference was held again at Barre, February 17, 1918, with about eighty-six present at the afternoon meeting, and seventy-three at the evening meeting. Most all of these people were friends and investigators. The work throughout the entire conference is progressing and the fulfilment of the prophetic blessing by Dr. Talmage is coming to



pass. Elders, left to right, standing: Carl A. Steele, Barre, Vermont; Carl H. Lesueur, Mesa, Ariz.; W. W. Keddington, Salt Lake City; Aura C. Hatch, Franklin, Ida.; Arthur J. Anderson, Sandy, Utah. Sitting: Albert M. Gish, American Falls, Ida.; Conference President J. Le Roy Anderson, Raymond, Canada; Mission President W. P. Monson; Harold S. Walker, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Ervin T. Hawkins, Logan, Utah; front row, John G. Linde, Salt Lake City; Loyd F. Kohlar, Byron, Wyoming."

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

A Spirited Teachers and Deacons Class

S. A. Browning, class leader of the deacons and teachers of the Idaho Falls ward, sends the *Era* the above photograph of twenty-seven of their teachers and deacons, in the Idaho Falls ward. They are a splendid class of young men, loyal and active citizens of the Church and Nation, forward in every good work, just and resolute, and who will therefore be victorious. They are the pride of the community, fearless and strong, determined to fight their way in righteousness.



Idaho Falls ward class in the Aaronic priesthood. Standing, left to right: Class leader, Stephen A. Browning; Newel Ward, Henry Parkinson, Edmond Crowley, Dick Heath, Zaza Browning, Leslie Lindgreen, Chester Hansen, Vergene Laird, DeMont Herrick, Walter Brown, Assistant class leader, S. R. Evans. Center row: Victor Crowley, Frank Mortensen, Loren Herrick, Vernon Heaton, Loyal Arave, Stanley Poulter. Front row: Arley Hibbert, George Sandstrom, Ariel Crowley, Rutledge Jolley, Earl Bingham, Jerald Bybee, Joseph Evans, Alonzo Tune, Elvin Evans.

Special Missionaries

In the North Sanpete Stake, twenty-eight special missionaries were called by the Stake Presidency to labor in every ward in that stake

during the month of January. These missionaries visited thirteen hundred six families and held one thousand, seven hundred two gospel conversations with members of the Church. They distributed one thousand, two hundred thirty tracts and books and held one hundred eighty-nine cottage meetings. Altogether two thousand two hundred thirteen hours were spent in the service, and the bishops of the various wards report the results of these labors were very gratifying. President Adolph Mertz and his co-laborers are very much pleased with the labors of the brethren and the results which they have accomplished during the month. The idea is a good one and the work will serve to awaken an interest in Church affairs throughout the stake.

"Era" Story Contest

"Era" Story Contest.—"Marian's Profession," by Annie W. Hafen, Bunkerville, Nevada, won first place in the March contest; and "How Elsa Came from Germany," by Annie D. Palmer, and "Wilbur's Christmas Gift," by Elsie C. Carroll, both of Provo, won second place.

Stories for the April contest are wanted by April 5.

Notes

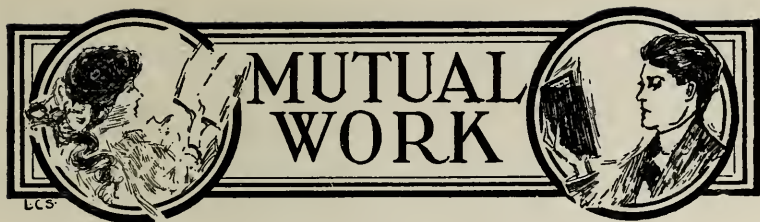
Notice to Contributors.—While the *Improvement Era* aims to be as careful as possible with manuscripts, we desire to give notice to our contributors that we cannot be held responsible for the return of articles that are rejected. We advise all contributors to retain copies of their writings.

The "Era" Appreciated.—"Only those who have been on missions can realize how much the *Era* is appreciated by us who are so far from our mountain retreat. When we finish reading the contents, we pass it along so that many others may enjoy it also."—Lester F. Hewlett, Manchester, England.

Francis Louis Clark and Elmer Fullmer, writing from Tonga, Friendly Islands, where they are conducting a Latter-day Saints school, say: "Our cause is prospering here. The *Improvement Era* aids us greatly in our missionary work. It is of inestimable value in our labors. Its pages are full of the spirit of the gospel. We pray for your success in the publication of this praiseworthy magazine."

Ruth B. Wright, Shelton, Conn., writes under date of February 15: "I take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy the *Era*. I have been a member of the Church for two years. We do not live near other Saints, and so we are glad when the *Improvement Era* is sent to us. It is chiefly by means of this magazine and the *Liahona* that we keep in touch with the Church."

Elder Golden Taylor, Dayton, Ohio: "We appreciate and enjoy the *Era* very much. From its pages we get an abundance of spiritual strength for the work before us. We would that it might be read by all, for its influence is most wholesome and uplifting."



M. I. A. Gathering at April Conference.

A special joint meeting of the stake and ward officers or representatives of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. will be held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Sunday morning, April 7, at 8 o'clock. All officers are urgently requested to be present to consider joint summer work for the associations. The priesthood authorities of the stakes and wards are invited to be present.

Heber J. Grant,
Asst. Gen'l. Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.
Martha H. Tingey,
President Y. L. M. I. A.

How to Raise Corn

In answer to our request in the *March Era*, and in response to the suggestion of Alvin Allen, Hyrum, Utah, that the growers of corn and beans tell how they won the prize in the late Y. M. M. I. A. contest, Mrs. Gottfredson, mother of Morris Gottfredson, who won the first prize, sends the foll wing very interesting and clear explanation showing how they did it:

The *March Improvement Era* encourages the winners in the late Y. M. M. I. A. corn and bean contest to tell how they won. I feel pleased with the opportunity. At a meeting on Sunday, John A. Nielson, Jr., our stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., read a letter offering prizes to boys for the best one-eighth of an acre of corn or beans raised in 1917. After meeting, I asked my son Morris if he desired to enter the contest, and found him eager to do so. We then considered our plots of ground and found we had none to spare, except an old lucerne patch grown to grass. We had that plowed; the sod turned up in great lumps all over the patch. It looked very discouraging. We had the ground layed off, however, and as soon as it was dry enough (for we had a great deal of rain) we planted the one pound of white flint corn sold us by the general board. We planted it June 1, 1917, and as the directions with the corn suggested: two kernels in a hill at a depth of one inch and a half or two inches deep, twenty-four inches apart, and distance between rows thirty-six inches. As soon as the plants peeped through the ground, which was ten, eleven and twelve days, we started to haul off clods and pull up lucerne roots.

I think there was never more work put on a patch of ground than we put on this. It took so long to make it look like a real garden! The next step we took was to put one shovelful of sand and one of manure around each plant, and mix it thoroughly with the soil, which took seven days' hard work for the two of us. The ground slanted a trifle, so that water ran through the furrows rapidly and because of that we watered it every eight days during the entire season. It was hoed every ten days during the first part of the summer. The corn grew rapidly and averaged five stalks to the hill. When four feet tall we thinned it down to two or three stalks to the hill and hilled up the rows real well. It matured rapidly, so that by the 20th of September we took first prize on it at our county fair in Manti.

That patch of corn was the admiration of the neighborhood, and of all who saw it. I shall think of it always in connection with my dear departed son; we had such pleasure working together therein!

Mrs. Alice Gottfredson.

Manti, Utah, March 4, 1918.

A New Movement for Summer Work in the M. I. A.

The General Boards of the Young Men's and Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Associations have unitedly decided that it is desirable to continue the mutual organizations during the summer months. There are several reasons for this, among them, first, to give the young people something to do to protect, interest and instruct them during the usual vacation; and, secondly, to keep alive in their hearts a desire to assist in the present national crisis, and inform them upon subjects pertaining to the Allies and their conditions and interests.

At a meeting which has been called for eight o'clock Sunday morning, April 7, 1918, this new movement will be thoroughly presented to the officers of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., with a view to its adoption throughout the Church.

The general programs will be on the following lines:

1st—The usual joint meeting on the first Sunday evening of the month, time to be devoted to the general topic, "Religious Forces That Have Influenced Nations."

2d—On the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, special gatherings or rallies, at which a special program will be carried out under the general title, "National Efficiency and Our Allies."

As a sample of these programs, we print the first three lessons for April; other lessons will appear monthly in the *Era* and *Journal* in time to enable the associations to make necessary preparation to carry them out:

Lesson I.—Sunday Evening, Fast Day, April 7, 1918

General subject: "Religious Forces That Have Influenced the Nations."
Subject: *Great Hymns*.

1. Opening hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner."
2. Prayer.
3. History and inspirational analysis of the following hymns, each title to be followed by the singing of the hymn by the congregation. Fifteen minutes of time will be devoted to each by a speaker selected for that purpose.
 - a. "Battle Hymn of the Republic." (See *Young Woman's Journal*, April, 1912.)
 - b. "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." (See *Young Woman's Journal*, March, 1912.)
 - c. "How Firm a Foundation" (L. D. S. *Hymn Book*).
4. Closing Hymn, "America."
5. Benediction.

Lesson II.—First Patriotic Rally or Special Gathering, April 9

General subject: "National Efficiency and Our Allies."
Subject: *France*.

1. Opening song, "Marseillaise."
2. Our Ally, France.
 - a. "The Friendship of France and America."
 - b. "The Present Leaders of France."
 - c. "Display and Explanation of the French Flag."

- d. "Incidents of French Valor."
 - e. "Historical Slogan of the Battle of the Marne, 'They Shall Not Pass.'"
3. Songs, "Over There," or "Joan of Arc."

Lesson III.—Patriotic Rally, or Special Gathering, April 23

Subject: *National Efficiency.*

1. Songs of Home and Country. Fifteen minutes of time for practice,
 - a. "Keep the Home Fires Burning."
 - b. "Red, White and Blue."
 - c. "Old Kentucky Home."
2. General Topic: *Help From Home.*
 - a. Producing plenty, wasting nothing. (See poem, page 406, March *Era*, and article by Dr. Brimhall, April *Era*.)
 - b. Ready with all; meeting requirements—meatless, wheatless, eatless, heatless days.
 - c. Write a letter.

Write the Soldier Boy a Letter

Write the soldier boy a letter:

Wheresoever he may be,
He is training for the battle,
That shall set the nations free;
Tell him how his mother loves him!
How his father's heart approves him!
Sister, don't be a Forgetter!
Write the soldier boy a letter.

Write the soldier boy a letter!

Send it, Friend, across the sea;
He is fighting in the trenches,
Facing death for you and me;
Oft his heart is sad and weary,
Oft his days are bleak and dreary,
Brother, don't be a Forgetter!
Write the soldier boy a letter.

Write the soldier boy a letter,

Louder than the cannon's roar,
Deadlier than stroke of lightning,
Bursting shells around him pour;
Brave he struggles through the danger,
Wondering: Will distance change her?
Sweetheart, don't be a Forgetter!
Write the soldier boy a letter.

—Ruth May Fox.

Stake Efficiency Reports

We appreciate the promptness of the stakes that have sent in efficiency reports for February, published in this number of the *Era*. The month of March was the last month of the season, and we look to receive promptly a report from each stake showing the final standing for the season of 1917-18. We hope the stake reports will include a report from every association in the Church. We were very anxious that the associa-

tions should continue in every activity to the end of the month. Every president was urged to make an extra effort to have his membership, class work, and every other activity hold out to the end, so that we might close our meetings with enthusiastic memories of the past season and in full swing in every department.

We shall look for the March efficiency reports by the 10th of April, with full confidence that they will be the best of the season.

Then we have the summer work, of which we will hear in the special officers' meeting at conference, Sunday morning, April 7, 8 o'clock. See also program and explanation in this number.

Efficiency Report

Taylor Stake

Secretary Lloyd O. Ivie reports the Taylor Stake unable to give a regular stake efficiency report owing to a lack of reports from the wards, but sends a verbal report of the condition of the wards which have reported for February which are Raymond Second, Lethbridge, Barnswell and Taber. No reports having been received from Magrath, Welling, Raymond First and Stirling.

Scout Work in Chicago

Elder R. Clarence Miller writes to Scout Commissioner Dr. John H. Taylor: "The success of the M. I. A. scout work in Chicago is very satisfactory; our troop has gradually grown from six members to thirty, with many other boys trying to obtain membership. We have boys from the best homes of Chicago representing several different religions, Jewish, Catholic, and several protestants, and, of course, our own. There are only four 'Mormon' boys who are regular in attendance. The parents of the boys whom we have met are glad to have their boys under our leadership. In fact they are enthusiastic in helping us whenever they can. For one month last summer, the northwest district of Chicago held a 'Work Camp' at the beautiful section of the country around Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. It was a wonderful success, 150 lovely boys full of life and energy, with three scout masters, set sail from Chicago on Lake Michigan, making the trip of 300 miles in twenty-four hours. The camp was in the region of about 3,000 acres of cherries; we had contracted to pick 300 acres for the Reynolds' Canning Company. Each boy earned nearly enough money to pay his transportation and expenses for the entire trip. One boy had about \$12 in his pocket when he landed in Chicago after the trip. Besides picking cherries and doing farm work, the boys had their pleasure in hikes, swims and games. Many examinations were given in the various degrees of scouting. We were very proud of the thirteen boys we had there. They were successful in winning the large banner given to the troop who had the highest grade of efficiency. Points were given for inspection, deportment, work and games. The boys came back full of 'pep,' more manly, and bigger and better scouts all around than when they went. My new appointment as conference president here will allow me to continue my work with the boys whom I have learned to love very much. I expect to remain here some six or eight months longer. Please send me the *M. I. A. Hand-book*, also the Senior and Junior manuals and other information which you have as to organizations, etc., this year. I am intensely interested in your success at home, and rejoice to hear of the wonderful strides made during the past year."

PASSING EVENTS

Japan has consulted the Allied governments about a plan to land troops at Vladivostock to take possession of the military supplies stored there and along the Siberian railway line, to prevent them falling into German hands.

American Soldiers' letters, written in France, between January 15 and 20, were lost off the coast of Ireland, the latter part of January when the steamship *Andania* was sunk,—so the postoffice department made known on March 8.

The Logan Temple opened on March 11, after being closed for a considerable time after the late disastrous fire. Something in the neighborhood of \$30,000 have been expended for repairs, besides much donated labor by members of the Church.

The Texas legislature passed a bill, March 16, providing for state-wide prohibition. Governor Hobby on that day signed a bill making all points within ten miles of military camps dry territory, and he will doubtless also sign the prohibition bill.

The Second National Army call will be for about 600,000 men, and out of this number it is estimated that Utah will be required to furnish about 1,650 men, less than was expected and a considerably lower number than was required for the first army.

Reverend T. C. Iliff, a former Salt Lake pastor and superintendent of the Methodist Mission to Utah, for many years and well known in this western country, died on Friday, February 22, in Denver, Colorado. His body was brought to Salt Lake City for burial.

Major General Hugh L. Scott, beloved former chief of staff, was on March 16 relieved of his command of the 78th national army division, Camp Dix, N. J., and placed in command of the camp. The reason for his release was his failure to pass the physical test.

Lincoln G. Kelly, for four years state auditor of Utah, has been appointed chief auditor for the American army cantonments, and left for Washington, March 16, where considerable of his time will be spent, though he will likely be required to visit the war camps in turn.

Secretary of War Baker and his staff reached Paris 6:30 a. m., March 11. He went to France to inspect the American armies, and to hold a conference with military officials. His mission is not diplomatic. He was anxious to see for himself the conditions at the front, and so fit himself for his great responsibility.

A book campaign, nation-wide, was begun on Monday, March 18, to gather books for the soldiers. There are now some 40 free libraries in the training camps with several hundred thousand books in them, but another million copies of good, live books are wanted, dealing in adventure, fiction and biography. Books for the purpose may be left at the book stores or public libraries.

General Allenby has taken the ancient town of Jericho, in Palestine. The Turks are offering little resistance and the British expedition has improved its front toward Tekrit. The Turks are said to have begun an offensive in the Armenian Caucasus, having in view the driving out of the Russian forces still there.

Henry C. Lund was appointed justice of the peace February 23, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Herbert Van Dam who has been appointed assistant attorney general of Utah. Mr. Van Dam was appointed justice last September in place of Hugo B. Anderson who is in the first national army at Camp Lewis.

Dr. Milford B. Shipp, a physician and early settler of Utah, died in Forest Dale, March 14. He was born in Indiana, March 3, 1836, and came to Utah in 1850. He was a lieutenant in the Black Hawk Indian war, and filled several missions to England and the eastern states. He was a graduate of the Jefferson medical college, Pa.

Matthew Cullen, a substantial and well-known business man of Salt Lake City, died Feb. 27, 1918. He was born in Ireland, July 17, 1840, came to America with his parents, and took an active part in the civil war. He came to Denver in 1865, entered the mining business, and in 1867, became a contractor on the building of the Union Pacific. He later moved to Echo, and then to Salt Lake City.

Calvin S. Smith, a son of President Joseph F. Smith, and a teacher of English in the Latter-day Saints University, left on Thursday, February 28, for Camp Lewis, to serve as chaplain in the United States army, his appointment having been received early during the week. At his first service at the cantonment, he spoke on the topic, "Where do we go from here?" He was later appointed chaplain at large.

A call issued for 95,000 more troops from the first registration was directed by Provost Marshal General Crowder, for March 29, the movement to the cantonments to continue for five days. The apportionment of the surrounding states being: Arizona, 148; Colorado, 323; California, 1,745; Idaho, 242; Montana, 521; Nevada, 72; New Mexico, 127; Utah, 247; Washington, 638; Wyoming, 134. All other states were included except Iowa and Minnesota.

The winter during February was certainly remarkable, in this vicinity, though very timely. From the report of the U. S. Weather Bureau, it appears that there were ten partly cloudy days, twelve cloudy days, and ten days in which one-hundredth of an inch or more of precipitation occurred. On the 26th there was a dense fog, and a solar halo on the 1st and the 3rd. The snow in the mountains is about on an average, though in some places not as deep as it was last year.

Finland wants a king, according to a London dispatch, and is said to have asked for Prince Oscar, the fifth son of the Kaiser, to act in that capacity. The Kaiser has six sons, not one of whom are "among the millions slain in battle," and from recent conquests in Russia, it is doubtless intended that each shall have a kingdom, with perhaps a semi-prince, from the houses of the war devils, Ludendorf, and Hindenburg, thrown in here and there. It is hoped, however, that civilization will have a word to say in this matter, and perhaps a veto of the whole scheme!

Senator tries new Browning machine rifle.—Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York operating the the Browning machine rifle at the public demonstration on the Congress Heights Range before high government of-

ficials, members of the Senate and House Military committees, and American and allied army authorities.

This rifle, which weighs fifteen pounds, and can fire twenty continuous shots in $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, a veritable stream of lead, was operated successfully, so it is reported, by the Senator, as it was by all others who tried it. The gun



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functioned perfectly for all. It performed exactly as the ordnance experts expected. This gun is the new "over the top" gun, for it has many tactical advantages for offensive action.

Senator Wadsworth has a keen eye, and he hit the target most of the time. Other prominent persons tried the light rifle, and all were amazed at the easy working of the gun.

The Browning machine gun has also been adopted by the Government. In a test it fired 39,000 shots without a break; in another test 20,000 shots were fired in 48 minutes and 16 seconds without malfunction. The gun weighs $34\frac{1}{2}$ pounds with the water jacket filled, operates from a tripod, and is effective for overhead, indirect, barrage, and defensive fire.

American troops in the Lorraine sector, during March, carried out successfully a number of raids on the enemy trenches. They were generally successful, though suffering in one instance from a severe gas attack from the enemy in which they lost eleven dead and some 66 disabled from the effects of poisonous gases. They took a number of prisoners, at different

times, and the Americans were highly commended by French officers. The American army is proving a big factor along the west front, and the boys are rapidly adapting themselves to new war methods.



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Being "gassed" will not be new to National Guard army men.—American troops fighting in France, have found their training in the methods of gas attack and the use of the gas masks of vital importance, for the Germans have been shooting over the gas shells regularly. The National Guard and National Army men, in the various cantonments in this country, are getting an intensive course in the use of the masks. The men are drilled until they can put them on with great speed. This photo, taken at one of the National Army camps, shows a lecture class on the use of the gas masks, and the gas attacks. These American fighters will not be unused to gas attacks, and they'll know just what to do at the right time. No American fighter will fall a victim to gas because of the laxity of training, for that covers every possible and foreseen point. A well-known local member of the National Guard, after trying the gas masks, said: "May he who, contrary to international convention agreements, forced upon the world the use of gases in warfare, have to wear one of these masks perpetually through several eternities, for of all murderous and dastardly methods of warfare, this of poisonous gases is the most diabolical and damnable." He further expresses the hope that the Kaiser's mask will leak when he meets the fumes in the nether regions.

The Siberian Situation in the early part of March came to the fore front of the world's news, and grew out of the Russian debacle. For a number of days all eyes were centered on Japan which country it was believed, had her army ready to invade Siberia to safe-guard allied interests. Japan has probably reached an agreement with China and will most likely co-operate with her in any military action that may be taken in Siberia. The whole subject is uncertain, at this writing, and it is not clear that the allies will unitedly stand behind Japan in any contemplated invasion of Siberia.

Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford, the American author of the popular patriotic song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and her crippled son, Walter, died

under the wreckage of their home in a recent German air raid on London, Saturday, March 9. Her song is one of the most popular marching songs of the British Army. Mrs. Ford and her son who formerly lived in Elmira, N. Y., are the first Americans to lose their lives in an air raid on London. Her mother, Mrs. Brown, age 86, was saved from the wreckage, by her maid, Annie Croxall, a strong English country girl of 22.

At the Vernal Dinosaur Quarry a head of "Boontasaurus," the largest animal yet whose skeleton has been found at the quarry, has been discovered and unearthed according to advices from Vernal, February, 24. Bones and large portions of skeletons have been known for forty or fifty years before, but a complete skull has never been found until the present. A skeleton mounted in the Carnagie Museum was without the head. The workers at Dinosaur Quarry have now found the head, and their labors have therefore resulted in one of the most interesting discoveries yet made, after many years of hope and disappointment.



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Turkish prisoners "bagged" by British marched through Bagdad.—In the valley of the Euphrates-Tigris, Turkish prisoners captured in the great British drive through Mesopotamia, were marched through the ancient city of Bagdad, while the enthusiastic Arabs who lined the street cheered the British. The British have a prison compound in Mesopotamia where the hordes of captured Turks are confined. In this British official photograph the Turkish prisoners are shown marching on New Street, at "Piccadilly Circus" under British escort. This photograph animates the old drawings made from imagination picturing the entry of the famous citadel centuries and centuries ago.

Increased artillery action took place all along the western front, but the heralded German offensive had not taken place at this writing (March 18). It may be well to watch in other regions, for the German war lords are not usually heralding their actions. When they do, one may generally look for

something contrary. French raiding was lively and the Americans, who hold a sector in the Lorraine district between St. Michiel and Pont-a-Mossau, engaged in active artillery action and trench raiding with successful results, but with a number of casualties. Later it was reported that American troops held trenches in the Chemin-des-Dames sector and near Toul.

Dutch ships were to be taken over for use of the Allies, by England and the United States on March 20. Negotiations in this matter had been long delayed, as Holland was adverse to the action. A peremptory demand on March 14 was made on the Netherlands, and German pressure was brought to bear to deter compliance. Every precaution will be taken to safeguard the owners, and full restoration made after the war. The tonnage for the Allies thus made available amounts to one million tons, 70 per cent of which is in the United States, 15, in British ports, and 15, in other Allied ports. In addition to recompense for loss, the Dutch are to receive liberal compensations in export privileges of bread stuffs which they greatly need.



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First photograph of the Inter-Allied Naval Council.—In this group are representatives of five countries whose naval forces are playing an important part in the convoying of vessels and in fighting the submarine.

Front row, left to right Admiral: Sims, U. S. N.; Admiral de Bon, France; Sir Eric Geddes, Great Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral Revel, Italy; Rear Admiral Funakoshi, Japan; and Admiral Sir R. Wamyss, Great Britain's First Sea Lord.

Back row, left to right: Admiral Fremantle, Great Britain; Capt. Twining, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral de Lostende, France; and Capt. Crease, Great Britain. British official photo.

The War Savings campaign in the United States is showing commendable progress. For the four weeks ending March 3, the treasury was enriched by \$40,000,000 from sales of war savings certificate stamps. In the third week of March the total savings amounted to \$70,000,000, with two

million dollars a day coming into the treasury from this source. The campaign of the M. I. A. is progressing satisfactorily, in this line. Stamps should be bought with actual savings, and not with savings already accumulated. Purchasers should go without some needed article, and purchase stamps with the money saved. It is a thrift campaign as well as one to help the government to prosecute the war. Up to February 28, Utah county reported sales of stamps amounting to over \$25,000.

Gotlob Bohi, a faithful church worker, and for many years an energetic worker for the *Improvement Era* in Salem, Idaho, died at his home in that place on January 20, 1918. He was the son of Ivachim Bohi and Elizabeth Mair, and was born August 7, 1843, in Haarenwailen, Thurgau county, Switzerland. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, July 15, 1881, by David Gruneisen and confirmed on the same day by the same elder. A family of some fourteen children survive him. He was a great admirer of the *Improvement Era*, was a careful worker, and in the rendering of his accounts and statements was prompt and accurate. The *Improvement Era* and its officers greatly appreciate his labors, and are pleased to add their sympathy to those who survive him, and also their testimony of his faithfulness as a man and his energetic labors in behalf of the Church and of the magazine which we publish.

B. F. Cummings, newspaperman and genealogist, and an early and earnest worker in the Y. M. M. I. A., died on Monday, March 11, in Salt Lake City. He was born in Ogden, Aug. 22, 1855, and was the son of Benjamin Franklin and Catherine Hall Cummings, pioneers of 1847. At the age of ten, he came to Salt Lake City, where for many years he was connected in various capacities with the *Deseret News*. He founded the *Logan Journal* and wrote for the *Contributor*, the *Improvement Era*, the *Juvenile Instructor* and other Church publications, and was the first editor of *Liahona*. He filled three missions, two in the eastern and one in the central states. Being an expert genealogist he compiled the histories of many leading Utah families. He served in three sessions of the Utah legislature, and in other civil positions. He was a true Latter-day Saint, spiritually strong, and with undying faith in the efficacy of the gospel as a means of spiritual and temporal salvation. His writings were clear and simple, and in every way were as pure and straight-forward as his noble life.

The German army steadily and relentlessly advanced into Russia compelling abject peace pacts between the Germans and Russians. They now have possession of the Russian strongholds from Petrograd to Odessa. It is stated that the peace terms which the Russian soviet agreed to, binds Russia to surrender 160,000 square miles in Poland, Courland, Livonia and Esthonia; to recognize Finland and Ukrania as independent nations, (under the thumb of the Kaiser, of course); to accept commercial treaties that give Germany specially favored treatment in Russia; to give up all the vessels of the Russian navy and engage not to spread revolutionary propaganda in the central powers, and also look out for an indemnity to Germany, also to detract from Russia for Turkey the regions of Karaband, Kars and Batoum. With all this German-made peace, the United States government has still faith in the Russian people, and on March 11 President Wilson made public a message of sympathy sent to the soviet, which met in Moscow, as follows:

May I not take advantage of the meeting of the congress of the soviets to express the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment, when the German power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole strength for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purposes of the people of Russia. Although the government of the United States is unhappily not now in a position to render the direct and effective

aid it would wish to render, I beg to assure the people of Russia through the congress that it will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration to her great role in the life of Europe and the modern world. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.

(Signed)

Woodrow Wilson. /

In their march through Russia, the Germans captured 6,800 officers, 57,000 men, 2,400 guns, 5,000 machine guns, thousands of motor vehicles, 800 locomotives, and thousands of railroad trucks.

Audubon Societies for the protection of wild birds and animals, have been organized in all the states of the Union, except Washington, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico. All but eight states have adopted the Audubon Law protecting the non-game birds. The *Improvement Era* has published under the title, "Outlines for Scout Workers," numerous articles by Prof. D. W. Parratt, descriptive of the birds of the west; and some splendid work has been done in Utah in past years for bird protection. Utah is noted as the state in which the first monument in this country has been erected in honor of birds. Secretary Gilbert T. Pearson of the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York, is desirous of co-operating with laborers in Utah and the West, to further the worthy undertaking of local people in the protection of bird life. To this end he is anxious that junior Audubon classes be organized in states that have none at the present time. The plans for the organization of such classes is given as follows:

The National Association of Audubon Societies is able to make the following offer of assistance for the present school year (1917-1918), to those teachers and others in the United States and Canada who are interested in giving instruction to children on the subject of birds and their usefulness.

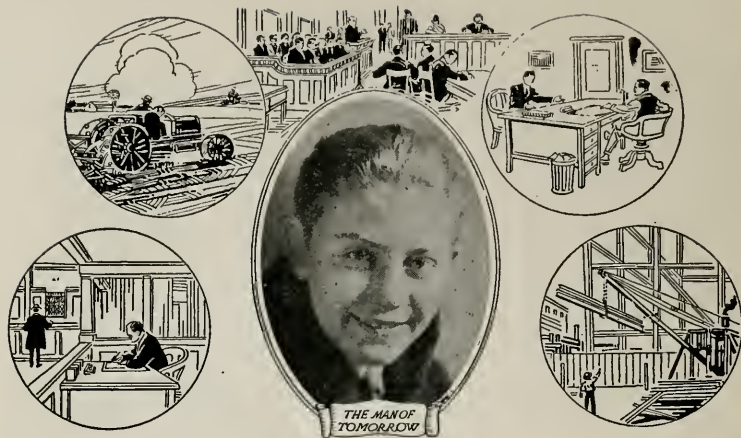
To form a Junior Audubon Class for bird-study, a teacher should explain to the pupils of her grade (and others if desired) that their object will be to learn all they can about the wild birds, and that everyone who becomes a member will be expected to be kind to the birds and protect them. Every member will be required to pay a fee of ten cents. When *fifteen* or more have paid their fees, the teacher will send their money to the National Association of Audubon Societies and give the name of the Audubon Class and her own name and address. Children must not send in fees individually. The Association will then forward to the teacher (or person organizing the class) for each member whose fee has been paid, the beautiful Audubon button, and a set of eight colored pictures of common birds, together with accompanying Educational Leaflets containing accounts of the habits of the birds, and an outline drawing of the pictures for color work. Each child also receives one of the "Audubon Cases," giving pictures in colors of more than sixty birds. Full instructions sent on application to the secretary.

"*Scientific Aspects of Mormonism*"—*Shall there be a Second edition?*—The first edition, by the Putnam Publishing Co., of New York, was sold out six years ago. The book is apparently in greater demand today than ever before, book dealers getting as much as \$5.00 each for second-hand copies. The original plates are owned by the author; but, considering the present high cost of printing, he is reluctant to venture a second edition, unless he can get the assurance of at least 500 subscriptions. Those who desire to help the movement will please drop a postal card to Prof. N. L. Nelson, Provo, Utah, with this message: "Kindly enter my name on your subscription list for the *Scientific Aspects of Mormonism*, at \$1.50, postpaid," giving name and address. If this scheme carries, the book will be out by June 1, 1918.

General Efficiency Report of Y. M. M. I. A. for February, 1918.

STAKES	Member- ship	Class Work	Special Activities	Scout Work	Social Work	Era	Fund	Vocations and Industries	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting	Ward Officers' Meetings
Alberta.....										
Alpine.....	5	10	10	5	10	5		10	10	5
Bannock.....	5	5	10		10	5	5		10	5
Bear Lake.....	5	5	10		5	10	5	5	10	10
Bear River.....	10	10	10	5	10	5			10	10
Beaver.....										
Benson.....	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5
Big Horn.....	10	10	10		5	10		5	10	10
Bingham.....										
Blackfoot.....										
Boise.....	10	10	10		10	5	5		5	5
Box Elder.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Cache.....	5	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10
Carbon.....	10	5	5	5	10	10			10	
Cassia.....										
Cottonwood.....										
Curlew.....						5			10	
Davis North.....										
Davis South.....										
Deseret.....	5	5	10		5	10	10	5	10	5
Duchesne.....										
Emery.....										
Ensign.....	5	5	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	10
Fremont.....										
Granite.....										
Hyrum.....	5	5	10	10		5	5			
Idaho.....	5	10	10		10	10	5		10	10
Jordan.....	10	10	10		5	5	5		10	5
Juab.....										
Kanab.....	10	10	10	5	10		10		10	10
Liberty.....	5	5	10	*	5	5	5	10	10	10
Malad.....										
Maricopa.....	10	10	10		10	10	10	*	10	10
Millard.....	10	10	5		5	10	5		10	10
Moapa.....										
Morgan.....										
Nebo.....										
North Sanpete.....										
North Weber.....	5	10	10		10	10	5		10	10
Ogden.....	5	5	10	5	10	10	5		10	10
Oneida.....	10	5	10	5	5	10	5	10	10	5
Panguitch.....										
Parowan.....	5	5	10		5	5	5		10	5
Pioneer.....	5	10	10	5	10	5	5	5		5
Pocatello.....										
Portneuf.....	5	5	10		5	5	5		10	5
Raft River.....	10		10		5	10	10			
Rigby.....										
Salt Lake.....		5	10	10	10		10	10	10	10
St. George.....										
St. Johns.....										
St. Joseph.....	5	10	10		10	10	10		5	10
San Juan.....										
San Luis.....										
Sevier.....										
Shelley.....	10		10	10	5	10	10	10	10	5
Snowflake.....	10	10	10		5	10	5		10	5
South Sanpete.....										
Star Valley.....	10	5	5		5	5	5	5	10	5
Summit.....	5		5			5	5		10	5
Taylor.....										
Teton.....	10	10	5		5	5	5		5	5
Tintic.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	5		10	10
Tooele.....										
Uintah.....	10	10	10		10	10	10		10	10
Union.....	10	10	10		10	5	5		10	10
Utah.....										
Wasatch.....										
Wayne.....										
Weber.....										
Woodruff.....										
Yellowstone.....	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10
Young.....										
California Mission.....	10	10	10			5	5			10

A stake report must be sent to the Secretary of the General Board, 21 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, by the 10th of each month, to be published monthly in the ERA. When the report shows that the requirements in General Efficiency have been reached, it is indicated by placing 10 in the proper space; if half, place 5. When stakes are below half General Efficiency requirements, it is indicated by a blank. (See Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book, pp. 17, 18, for regulations.)



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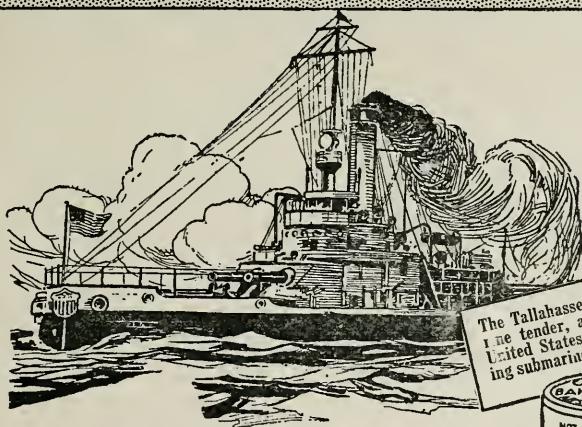
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